

P O E M S

BY

JAMES FORDYCE, D.D.

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JAMES FORDYCE, D.D.

HAPPY IS THE MAN THAT FINDETH WISDOM. SHE
IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES; AND ALL
THE THINGS THOU CANST DESIRE ARE NOT
TO BE COMPARED UNTO HER. HER WAYS ARE
WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS; AND ALL HER PATHS
ARE PEACE. SOLOMON,

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand;

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

24

P. O. E. M. 3

D. Y.

JAMES HORDY, D.D.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand.

IN DOCKET 114

P R E F A C E.

IT is with diffidence, that I now appear before the Public, as an Adventurer in Poetry. For much the greater part of my life, I did not believe that I could produce any thing tolerable in that way, and therefore never attempted it; though I was very early a warm admirer of the Art. At last, however, I made the experiment, and wrote two or three trifles, that were approved by the few Friends who saw them; but I felt no inclination to proceed, nor supposed that I should ever feel any. In truth, it is but very lately that I thought of trying what I could do, in different styles, on a variety of subjects and occasions; as a kind of Exercise, which, intermingled with more serious studies, might contribute at once to employ and enliven my Retirement, provided I did not find it too laborious. The result was, that soon after I began, much of the difficulty I had apprehended disappeared, and I was insensibly led on far beyond my first design; more especially when the state of the weather, and of my health, was such as to permit my walking, or riding, in a part of the country that abounds with beautiful and

a

animating

animating prospects. At the same time, I had not the vanity to imagine, I could ever reach those higher strains, of which the justly celebrated Authors have invoked the Muse in due form, and supported her honours with distinguished success. I was sufficiently sensible, that they alone, I mean Authors of creative genius, have a right to set up for the character of Poets, in the genuine and dignified acceptation of that name. The utmost that Writers of an inferior order can pretend, is to exhibit their ideas in a shape not too common or familiar, yet neither forced nor extravagant, with the addition of some Melody to please the Ear, some Description to strike the Fancy, and some Sentiment to affect the Heart. This, I presume, is all that can be generally expected, or justly required, for the ordinary purposes of instruction and entertainment, in the poetical line.

If these purposes are in any measure answered by the present Publication, I shall have no reason to repent of it. At any rate, I shall most readily fall into whatever rank the best Judges shall think fit to assign me, in the numerous Army of Versifiers.

Though I confess myself to be fond of Blank Verse, when it is sustained with vigour, and carries the stamp of originality, I have not ventured on it here, from a conviction, that it demands uncommon talents to
make

make it as agreeable as the same materials may be rendered, with less ability, by the help of Rhyme.

There are readers, who may think me too sparing of Epithets, which they consider as the chief ornament of Poetry, if not its most essential ingredient; and which, no doubt, might have been easily furnished in great abundance from a thousand quarter. But I must own, that the practice of multiplying Epithets, where they do not add to the sense, seems to me to take from the effect of any production, whether in Verse or Prose. Truth and Virtue seldom require much decoration; and I have always thought, that, like real Beauty, they appear to least advantage when dressed too gaudily. How far the sober attire in which I have represented them, may be reckoned by the generality becoming, is not for me to determine. I can only say, that had I known any other method of recommending those lovely Forms more effectually, I would have adopted it with pleasure.

I make no apology for having so often introduced Religion in these times. Even in These times, thank God, there are still many readers, who will not like this thing the worse on that account. Nevertheless, it would afford me particular satisfaction, if persons of a different turn were induced to look into those

parts of the Volume. Perhaps they might meet with something, that would leave a salutary impression. Indeed, if among numbers that never attended to graver instructions from the Pulpit or the Press, or never were touched by them, any who sit down to this little Book, unconcerned about their highest interests, should rise from it with a resolution to regard them for the future, I should deem myself peculiarly happy, that even at so advanced a period, I turned my thoughts to a mode of Composition, which I had not cultivated before. Meanwhile, with a view to engage the attention of the young and the gay, I have endeavoured at such a mixture of Amusement as will not, I trust, give offence to any liberal mind.

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E R R A T A.

Page 57, dele the Point after the third line; and for "firebrands
cast," in the fifth line, read "cast firebrands."

Page 80, line 11, for "inward," read "inmost."

TO

MR. CADELL, BOOKSELLER:

AN ODE.

FEEL you, Sir, no compassion; none
For Authors whom you have undone?

Their works had You not spread,
Safe on their shelves those works had lain,
Still snug and quiet, neat and clean;
Nor had their shame been read.

“ Printed for CADELL in the Strand.”

This book, perhaps, the test may stand:

Your name has long been high.

“ Hold, Friend; I did not write the book

“ Nor at it had I time to look,

“ Ev’n with a passing eye.”

B

“ ’Tis

“ ’Tis publish’d, and must take its fate.
 “ When Authors cry, Be not too late
 “ To catch the proper season ;
 “ In vain I tell them, Wait Nine Years !
 “ So Horace said. They say, His fears
 “ Were without rhyme or reason.”

My accusation I recall.
 You, Sir, are not to blame at all.
 ’Tis not the Midwife’s part
 To form the child, but help it forth,
 And with due care direct the birth :
 A necessary art !

That art is yours ; and, honest still,
 Whate’er you promise you fulfill.
 Should this thing prove dead-born,
 ’Twas caus’d by my unlucky stars :
 LUCINA’s fame were ne’er the worse :
 ’Tis I the loss must mourn.

VIRTUE AND ORNAMENT:

AN ODE.

TO THE LADIES.

THE Diamond's and the Ruby's rays
 Shine with a milder, finer flame,
 And more attract our love and praise
 Than Beauty's self, if lost to Fame.

But the sweet tear in Pity's eye
 Transcends the Diamond's brightest beams;
 And the soft blush of Modesty
 More precious than the Ruby seems.

The glowing Gem, the sparkling Stone,
 May strike the sight with quick surprise;
 But Truth and Innocence alone
 Can still engage the good and wise.

No glitt'ring Ornament or Show
 Will aught avail in grief or pain:
 Only from inward Worth can flow
 Delight that ever shall remain.

Behold, ye Fair, your lovely Queen!
 'Tis not her Jewels, but her Mind;
 A meeker, purer, ne'er was seen;
 It is her Virtue charms mankind!

TO
YOUNG WOMEN;

A PORTRAIT.

WOULD ye, my Fair ones, learn that noblest art,
 To please the judgement while ye win the heart,
 And in our bosoms still your throne to hold,
 When ye have ceas'd to bloom, and we are old ?
 Be what we wish the Partner and the Friend,
 Form'd to give aid and comfort to the end :
 Be what we wish you in the calmer hour,
 When Passion yields her sway to Reason's power.
 We wish you then of higher charms possess'd
 Than those that pall upon the languid taste
 Of vulgar love. How blest, if then we find
 Thought meeting thought, and mind attracting mind,
 The understanding dress'd at Truth's clear glass,
 The look presenting Honour's open face,

The flame of Sentiment, the play of Wit,
Softness with spirit seldom found to meet,
And simplest Manners reigning through the whole,
Th'unstudied emanation of the Soul !

See SERAPHINA shine with mental rays,
Beyond the bloom of Beauty's richest blaze.
See her to gaudy ornament a foe,
To modish flutter, and unmeaning show.
See her engage alike the old and young,
Alike inspire the male and female tongue
With undivided and unenvied praise :
Such willing tribute modest worth can raise !
For modest worth is hers ; and native Grace
Sits smiling like an infant in her face.

Glad would I tell the various powers that join
To gain our love, and make it half divine.
Glad would I count those better beauties o'er,
She drew from Nature's, and from Virtue's store ;
Those soul-illumin'd eyes, that speak the breast
With purest thoughts, and sweetest joys possess'd ;

That

That air of elegance, that easy gait ;
 That dance of Fancy, yet that mien sedate ;
 Those kind emotions, and that gen'rous flow
 Of tears soft melting for another's woe ;
 How much unlike the selfish, senseless throng,
 To think too giddy, and to feel too strong !
 In her behold the Genius of Design,
 To form the group, and guide the waving line.
 Hers is a pen that charms each favour'd Friend ;
 A pencil skill'd each finer tint to blend ;
 A voice that vibrates to the warbling wire,
 With tones which might transport th'Angelic Choir ;
 But chief, what steals resistless ev'ry heart,
 A child-like innocence devoid of art !
 These rare attractions, lovely Maid, are thine :
 To know, admire, and honour them, is mine.

LOVE AND GRIEF:

A BALLAD.*

FROM Caledonia's distant bounds,
 Beyond the Murray-Firth,
 Where Scottish men to warlike sounds
 Join dance, and song, and mirth;

There came the EARL of SUTHERLAND,
 An youth tall, fair, and free.
 His race were aye a gallant band :
 A gallant Youth was he.

He lov'd his King, his Country lov'd,
 A trusty blade he bore,
 To smite their foes, himself unmov'd :
 Their foes him dreaded sore.

Yet

* Written in imitation of the ancient British Poetry, and founded on the strictest truth. The Author was intimately acquainted with the Characters and Story of the Noble Persons here celebrated.

Yet gentle was he too, and kind,
 As kindest friend could be :
 For still in bravest hearts, we find,
 Dwells sweet Humanity.

An Youth so brave, an Youth so mild,
 Each Lady must admire.
 Where'er he turn'd, where'er he smil'd,
 He wak'd the tender fire.

To quench that soft but dangerous flame,
 In vain the fair-ones strove :
 The kindling blush that went and came,
 Too plainly told, 'twas love.

Among the rest a comely Maid,
 MARIA hight, was seen.
 A Maid more comely, or more staid,
 Ne'er danc'd upon the green.

Staid were her manners, meek her mind,
 As meekest infant's smiles ;
 And wise as Age, nor yet inclin'd
 To cunning that beguiles.

Nor

Nor art nor cunning needed she :

Her soul was fill'd with grace :
Sincerely good, and nobly free,
Her soul beam'd in her face.

In destined hour young SUTHERLAND
Beheld the lovely Maid.
Her beauty could his youth withstand,
Such beauty, so array'd !

Ah, no ! her charms, by Virtue dress'd,
Did seize the Hero's heart :
He lov'd, he courted, he was blest'd :
Death only could them part ;

Nor that long time——Lift to my Tale,
A Tale of Love and Woe !
If pity in your breast prevail,
Lift, and a tear bestow.

Mid all that worth and wealth, conjoin'd
With friends and fame, could give
Of pleasure to the feeling mind,
This happy Pair did live.

By Heav'n, to crown their happiness,

Two pretty Babes were sent :

The Eldest soon recall'd, alas !

Did show he was but lent.

Now first o'ercome, our Warrior brave

Sunk down in deep dismay :

And oft he view'd his Darling's grave,

Untimely torn away.

Till heavy thoughts, revolv'd too oft,

Oppress'd the springs of life :

His strength decay'd : his soul was soft,

And bent beneath the strife.

His friends, to flee the scene of grief,

Their prudent counsel gave.

From objects now we hope relief :

All wish'd the Earl to save.

Bath's balmy waters gently stream'd,

Their genial aid to give.

Each joy-inspiring Naïd seem'd

To bid the Hero live.

But

But still the lurking sickness gains
 Fast on his weak'ned frame ;
 Till wax'd more bold increasing pains
 Reveal the Fever's flame.

Full thirty days, and thirty nights,
 MARIA tends his bed.

To Her what are the world's delights,
 While there her Lord is laid ?

To sooth his anguish, calm his mind,
 And reach the healing dose,
 Was all her care ! For this she pin'd ;
 For this she lost repose.

At length her pious toils prevail'd
 To quell the fierce disease.
 Might He but live, whate'er else fail'd,
 She reck'd not ; pain would please.

Ah me ! what tidings do I hear ?
 She sickens, faints, and dies.
 Out-worn with watching, grief, and fear,
 She fell a sacrifice.

Hush,

Hush, hide the woeful chance, look gay,
 And closest silence keep ;
 Or smiling, spite of sorrow, say,
 " The Lady is asleep."

Say so next day : try ev'ry art :
 But ev'ry art is vain.
 Prolong'd suspense the anxious heart
 Refuseth to sustain.

" Where is MARIA dear," he cries ;
 " My Charmer, where is she,
 " Whose looks were wont to cheer my eyes ?
 " Why doth she fly from me ?

" Go, bring her : Say, poor SUTHERLAND
 " Bereft of her must die.

" Make haste——Why do ye speechless stand ?
 " What means that sudden sigh ?

" Alas ! alas ! MARIA's gone !

" I will not here abide :

" We must not part : we still were one."

He said, then groan'd, and died.

TO

THE EARL OF BUTE:

AN EPISTLE.

“’TIS strange,” my Lord, “’tis passing strange,”
 That now grown old and grey,
 From Prose to Verse I sudden change;
 Young Fancy flown away!

In early prime, that spritely Power
 Is ever on the wing;
 Eager to seize the smiling hour,
 And oft in haste to sing.

A wide reverse, when Judgement cool,
 Led on by hoary Age,
 Moves slow, and only moves by rule,
 Through each succeeding stage!

Calm History, of sober face,
 Then chief attracts the mind,
 Intent with curious thought to trace
 The manners of mankind.

Or yet the Dame, Philosophy,
 Now gains upon the heart,
 In him whose bosom once beat high
 To learn the Poet's Art.

Her looks so sage, yet void of spleen,
 May well the soul engage,
 When form'd to taste those joys serene,
 That sooth-declining Age.

Or else grave Contemplation's eye
 O'er Nature's works to cast,
 And endless wonders there descry,
 Shall most delight at last.

In truth, my Lord, 'twere hard to say
 What charms the good and great
 Have often proved, in her survey,
 Beyond the pomp of state.

But

But hardly shall your Lordship find,
 In your extended view
 Of human life, or human kind,
 A case so odd, so new !

Thus mid the very frost of Time,
 When ardour dies away,
 To glow with all the rage of Rhyme,
 As 'twere the month of May !

No Rhyme disturb'd my youthful rest ;
 No Rage did then inspire :
 And can it be, this aged breast
 Now feels Poetic fire ?

Freely to speak its secret source ;
 The freedom you'll excuse :
 In Scenes Sublime lies mighty force ;
 And HIGH CLIFF is my Muse.

TO

LADY L. S.

AN ODE.

VOUCHSAFE, thou Muse-like Maid, my soul t'inspire
 With softest numbers, and with noblest sense,
 While, warm'd by sacred Truth's ethereal fire,
 I sing of unpretending Excellence,
 In female garb of spotless white array'd,
 With aspect tranquil, and with manners staid.

In thy fair Sex still have I wish'd to see
 A heart benignant beaming from their eyes;
 A mind-enlighten'd look, where Modesty,
 Untrain'd by art, affected no disguise;
 Where nature smil'd serene, and show'd each thought
 With conscious peace and innocence was fraught.

C

Still

Still have I fondly wish'd the female breast
 Of mild affections pure the placid seat ;
 By undissembled Piety possess'd,
 And far remov'd from each intemp'rate heat ;
 To vulgar admiration justly cold,
 And shock'd to meet a Woman blunt or bold.

Ah ! little know the Flutt'ers of the age
 Those sweet resistless charms of female Grace,
 That silently the yielding heart engage,
 And last when wrinkles shall 'disarm the face.
 'Tis Beauty's fairest form ; 'tis Beauty's soul,
 That spreads unfading lustre o'er the whole !

When sense and knowledge join their gentlest rays
 To animate that soul with lambent flame,
 O, then ! our judgements pay the warmest praise ;
 Our passions then assume a higher name !
 Exalted Maid, vouchsafe to be my Muse ;
 Nor let thy Courtesy this Verse refuse.

TO COURTESY:

AN ODE.

HAIL! COURTESY, thou gracious Power,
Of Heaven-born Charity the Child;
Remote from all that's rude and sour,
Akin to all that's soft and mild!
Earth-bred Politeness is thy feeble Ape;
Without thy soul, she only wears thy shape.

For selfish ends her tricks she plays;
She bows and smiles, devoid of heart:
T'impose she tries a thousand ways;
The practis'd eye perceives her art.
Mean while, that art thy real worth proclaims;
Since to partake thy honours thus she aims.

Let polish'd Falsehood dazzle youth ;
 Let Flatt'ry speak the style of courts :
 Give me Benevolence and Truth,
 Far from dark Treachery's resorts.
 Clear as the sky that lights a sun-shine eve,
 Thy style, sweet COURTESY, can ne'er deceive.

Prompted by love of human race,
 From gen'rous motives bent to please ;
 Thy feelings answer to thy face ;
 Thy manners still are stamp'd with ease.
 Each social being, in thy presence blest,
 With ardour clasps thee to his grateful breast.

The rich sometimes may succour want :
 For ever to oblige is thine.
 The great external gifts may grant :
 To charm the soul but few incline.
 Sincere delight would you each hour impart,
 Make haste to learn THE BREEDING OF THE HEART.

BELVEDERE,

BELVEDERE,

BY HIGHCLIFF,

HAMPSHIRE.

THE Charms of BELVEDERE glad would I sing,
 If some kind Muse would equal numbers bring.
 Alas! my Genius, we grow old and stiff;
 Though still we often walk around HIGHCLIFF.
 In sooth, sublimest views now please us more
 Than gayer objects we admir'd before.
 But yet the mind demands a varied scene;
 Sometimes the awful, sometimes the serene.
 Prospects that both unite perhaps are best:
 One strikes the Soul, one sooths her into rest.
 Such sweet vicissitude is tasted here:
 We wonder and repose at BELVEDERE!

Now from its heights the Ocean we survey,
 Yon lofty Isle^b, those Rocks^c, that spacious Bay^d,
 That solemn Tower^e, those Headlands stretching wide,
 The floating Vessels, and the foaming Tide,
 The far-spread Forest^f, Dorset's distant Plains !
 To measure these the Eye her vision strains.
 And now from these we turn our willing sight,
 To view our little farm with fresh delight ;
 To view the lawn, the copse, the sloping hill,
 The young plantation, and the purling rill :
 Then, last, our peaceful Mansion, lov'd retreat !
 Of tranquil pleasures soft indulgent seat !
 To Friendship sacred, and to hearts sincere,
 But chief to Him——THE MAN OF BELVEDERE !

^b The Isle of Wight. ^c The Needles.

^d The Bay of Pool. ^e The Tower of Christ-Church.

^f The New Forest, extending many miles.

T O

SIR WILLIAM FORDYCE:

A N E P I S T L E.

IN these cold times how rare a Brother's flame!
 More valued often is a Stranger's name.
 But ah! how soothing fond fraternal love,
 When ills oppress, or cares too weighty prove!
 That love, that flame to breathe, your soul was made;
 Early your zeal and ardour were display'd:
 To show them since has been your constant aim;
 Through ev'ry stage your kindness still the same!
 The gen'rous impulse owns a nobler source
 Than youthful fancy, or mechanic force,
 Than warmth of blood, or gaiety of thought.
 From Heaven it came, by Nature's self was taught.

Spontaneous, strong, quick, all its movements are;
The labour'd pace of Art outstripping far !

When worn with study, and with toil o'erspent,
When gone the little strength that had been lent,
You saw me tott'ring on the verge of life,
You flew to snatch me from th' unequal strife,
Repell'd with skill the inroads of disease,
And laid me gently in the lap of ease.
May Heav'n, my Brother, your dear life prolong,
Too oft expos'd amid the sickly throng.
The health and joy to others you restore,
By you be tasted to your latest hour.

TRANQUILLITY:

TRANQUILLITY:

AN ELEGY.

BLEST be the all-disposing Power above,
 That fix'd my peaceful age in this Retreat,
 To view his works, his wisdom, and his love,
 And taste the joys of study ever sweet.

Hard is the life of the low sons of care,
 The fools of fashion, and the slaves of gold :
 Their weariness and sighs aloud declare,
 When young how restless, and how dull when old !

Y: Teach me, thou meekest Spirit of the sky !
 That blissful art, to keep my mind serene :
 Fair Child of heav'nly Grace, TRANQUILLITY !
 On earth but little known, but seldom seen.

Be

Be thou the kind Companion of my days ;

While on the sandy beach, when Ocean smiles,
Or in the flowery vale, I pour my lays
To Providence that took me from my toils.

While Nature, and her God, I aim to sing,

May genuine Devotion warm my heart !

And when I soar on Contemplation's wing,

May op'ning Heav'n the brightest views impart !

What would avail the quiet rural walk ;

What would avail Retirement's solemn scene ;
Did not I listen to her whisper'd talk ;

Did not my conscious breast feel peace within ?

Ah ! wretched men ! deep-tost by inward storm,

By hatred, malice, envy, rancour, strife ;

Those furious passions that the soul deform,

And cruelly disturb the calm of life !

Grant me, belov'd TRANQUILLITY! the joy
 In thy mild bosom here to live remote
 From madd'ning crowds; and here my time employ
 In healthful exercise, and pleasing thought.

Should former trials memory recall,
 To strike imagination by rebound,
 Their recollection may I quick let fall,
 With every transient sorrow, to the ground!

Let me not vainly hasten coming ill,
 Or busily anticipate the blow;
 But meekly wait the high unerring Will,
 Nor add a present to a future woe.

When fiercest tempests tear the stubborn oak,
 The bending osier bears unhurt the blast;
 May I with soul submissive meet each stroke,
 Till life's calamities shall all be past.

Should

Should eager wishes rise within the mind,
 Impatient to attain some absent good ;
 Teach me to know that I am frail and blind,
 And rest content with peace, and clothes, and food.

Teach me unnecessary haste to shun,
 Whence needless perturbation oft proceeds ;
 As floods impetuous with tumult run,
 While placid streams glide softly through the meads.

If clam'rous nonsense pierce my silent shade,
 Or bustling folly tease me with its noise ;
 Some seasonable book shall bring me aid,
 Or I will hearken to my HARRIET'S voice.

If lying Slander's foul envenom'd tongue
 Should labour to destroy my lov'd repose ;
 Unheeding I will turn to Nature's song,
 And pity and forgive my bitterest foes.

But

But let me never yield this sweet Serene,
 To wear the fetters of the tyrant-mode :
 Let others court the gay fantastic scene ;
 TRANQUILLITY shall dwell in my abode.

My cup the thirsty cottager shall taste :
 The virtuous widow's cause I will defend.
 By me the little helpless orphan blest,
 Shall love me as its father and its friend.

Not stunn'd with din, amid the thoughtless chace
 Of harden'd Luxury, distinct I hear
 Th'unhappy call, feel deeply for the race
 Of human kind, and drop the tender tear.

TRANQUILLITY unmov'd shows Stoic pride !
 That haughty system gladly I forego :
 Nature's heart-felt emotions it denied,
 Nor knew the joy of grief for other's woe.

As the kind soft'ning showers of Summer's eve
 Diffuse a fresher lustre o'er the plains ;
 From Sympathy I sweeter hope receive ;
 My breast a sweeter, warmer glow retains.

Passions, like fire and water, prove the source
 Of endless mischief, when their bounds they burst;
 But, when restrain'd by Reason's wiser force,
 Serve happiest ends by Nature meant at first.

The constant tenor of a life retir'd
 Might languor breed, to damp the active Soul.
 By varied objects let her be inspir'd,
 And higher pleasure will pervade the whole.

A Friend, my books, my horse, the scene shall change;
 The field and garden shall by turns engage :
 Through the wide Universe my thoughts shall range,
 With rapture warm'd in each succeeding stage !

Mean time forbid, that I should rashly blame
 The sphere of public action, or the pains
 Which others take to earn a public name,
 While Honour uncorrupted still remains.

Enough for me, that I have travell'd long,
 With lab'ring step, the arduous paths of life;
 That I have struggled through the busy throng;
 That I have heard and seen its idle strife!

Nor let those fairer scenes be e'er forgot,
 That join'd to animate my former road;
 Nor yet the faithful Friends that crown'd my lot,
 And led me oft with transport up to God.

From dire events defend me, gracious Heav'n!
 In common trials let me not despair,
 But run th'appointed race with patience ev'n,
 And smile at trifling ills beneath my care.

From

From Trifles chiefly flow the weak complaints
 Of mortals discontented, light, and vain :
 The mind from fancied mis'ry often faints,
 Seldom from serious grief, or real pain.

If deep perplexity should yet arise,
 Or sharp distress invade my troubled heart ;
 Great Saviour, let thy all-commanding voice
 Compose the tumult, and sweet peace impart.

Before my Maker I will breathe my soul
 In filial confidence, and fervent prayers :
 On Him each heavier burden I will roll,
 And happily elude o'erwhelming cares.

Uncertain what to-morrow's Sun may bring,
 And ever mindful of Time's rapid flight,
 Teach me precarious hopes away to fling,
 And taste the passing day with wise delight.

When

When age and sickness force the long-drawn sigh,
 And life's decaying strength is nearly sped,
 To joys immortal let me lift my eye,
 And Christian Faith support my sinking head.

At last, when from this lower region flown,
 I mount enraptur'd to my native sphere;
 Hither, my Soul, thou shalt not go alone;
 Thy Guardian Angel shall attend thee there.

D. ABSENCE

ABSENCE FROM OUR FRIENDS:

AN ODE.

To J. E. Esq.

TRUST me, dear Sir, though now remote
 From you, whose happiness I sought
 With unremitting zeal ;
 For all your love a tribute due !
 To your immortal interest true,
 Friendship unchang'd I feel.

Friendship, how little understood,
 Save by the pious and the good !
 'Tis pointed to the Mind.
 How diff'rent from the aim to please,
 For fashion, humour, wealth, or ease,
 By life's low sphere confin'd !

From

From Heav'n at first it took its rise;
 To Heav'n on ardent wing it flies,
 And carries up the heart,
 With it united, to the place
 Where God reveals his blissful face,
 And souls shall never part.

Such Friends, while here, delight to meet
 At that bright throne, where Mercy sweet
 Sends forth benignant rays;
 With Virtue's flame to warm them still,
 And each congenial-breast to fill
 With pleasure, and with praise.

'Tis thus Devotion's sacred charm
 The pain of Absence can disarm,
 And thought with thought combine
 In close communion, calm and pure;
 Of joys above the earnest sure,
 And pledge of love divine!

Transporting hope ! eternal love,

Eternal joys, at last to prove

In fellowship sublime :

Soul link'd to soul by heav'nly ties,

In sanctity and bliss to rise

Beyond the flight of Time !

AN

EPISTLE TO A LADY,

ON HER OWN CHARACTER.

STILL, Madam, I must think you odd !

You're neither light as air,
Nor dull and heavy as a clod :

You're neither brown nor fair.

Your heart is neither soft like dough,

Nor hard like any stone :

Your thoughts are far from being slow ;

Nor very fast they run.

Solid your mind, and yet acute !

Distinct, yet queer, your head !

Sometimes, my Friend, you love dispute,

But never are ill-bred.

D 3

Your

Your looks, I own, are often cold ;

And yet your soul is warm :

Your Friendship never waxes old ;

Your breast still feels the charm.

Your wit sometimes is wondrous dry :

But humour too you know.

Humour's a better thing. For why ?

It never makes a foe.

I oft have wish'd you to speak more :

Not that I'm fond of prate ;

But to support the common store

Of sense, I deem a debt.

Though many a female takes delight

Smooth empty talk to hear ;

Such nonsense fills you with despite :

Quite sullen you appear.

Though many a female can conceal,

Under a fair outside,

The deepest hate ; whate'er you feel,

You never yet could hide.

While

While of your Sex the greater part
Are caught with dress and show,
You simply prize an honest heart,
And dare condemn a Beau.

One thing is mighty strange in you!
While others often boast
Virtues they want, you still from view
Keep those you practise most!

What's stranger yet! though none alive
More friendly deeds can bring,
To prove their love; you can't contrive
To say one soothing thing!

This Character, you must confess,
Is rather odd, and new:
But still I like it not the less:
I often think of You.

TRIALS INCIDENT TO FRIENDSHIP.

AN EPISTLE

TO A LADY.

SAY, CLEMENTINA, whence it flows,
 That hearts attun'd to love,
 The heaviest cares, the keenest throes,
 Are destin'd oft to prove.

Of all the joys that man can boast,
 Those of affection pure,
 Though, doubtless, to be priz'd the most,
 Are yet the least secure.

Objects there are that seize the Soul,
 And all her thoughts detain,
 Like magic, under sweet controul,
 Yet break at last the chain,

The golden chain of early worth,
 That held her many a day,
 The brightest ornament on earth,
 They madly tear away.

Sometimes by jealousy and pride,
 Or anger's causeless strife,
 Our truth and kindness are denied,
 And we repell'd for life.

Others, more steadfast, and more wise,
 Whom vice could ne'er delude,
 Mysterious fate yet sorely tries;
 Afflicted much, though good!

Sickness their lot, or pain, or grief!
 Their sorrows rend your heart.
 Fain would you bring them kind relief:
 The case defies your art.

Or sudden ruin mocks their toil,
 And all its fruit is lost:
 The hopes that taught them long to smile,
 Are in a moment cross'd.

Whatever

Whatever chance your Friend affects,
 Whatever ills befall,
 That chance, those ills, your soul partakes ;
 There, there, you feel them all.

And oft, alas ! you sigh the more,
 Because it is not giv'n
 To heal the anguish you deplore :
 Such the dread Will of Heav'n !

Then too, when Death's resistless dart,
 Commiſſion'd from on high,
 Pierces another Self, the heart
 Is prone with him to die.

Nor yet we deem the trial flight,
 When far from those remov'd,
 In whom we taſted long delight,
 Whose conſtant truth we prov'd.

Their words, their looks, their ev'ry air,
 Could ſooth the troubled breaſt.
 Who now ſhall charm away its care,
 And lull it into reſt ?

ow strange, how sad, our mortal state,

That the best things below,

Our sharpest pains should oft create,

And joy give birth to woe!

It cannot be, that Heav'nly Grace

Would rob our little store,

Or has declin'd the human race

To govern any more,

No! Heav'nly Grace still lives to guide:

But then, the wayward Mind,

To joys on earth too strongly tied,

To earth if all confin'd,

Would sink beneath her native aim,

Nor seek that higher sphere

From whence, divinely form'd, she came,

Awhile to suffer here:

Awhile life's labours to sustain,

Awhile its griefs endure,

To feel its nobler pleasures vain,

And bliss unmixt insure;

With

With God himself, the sovereign Friend,

In holy converse join ;

To men around kind help extend,

But live in Love divine ;

Cheer'd by the sweet transporting view,

When all her pains are o'er,

Her purest Friendships to renew

On yon immortal shore !

ON
THE LATE MRS. A.

AN EPISTLE

TO MESSIEURS AND MISS H.

DEAR Friends, when Mem'ry's pensive eye,

O'er former years is cast,

My secret soul begins to sigh

For much-lov'd pleasures past.

Pleasures so sweet I still must mourn,

So long enjoy'd with You.

Alas! they will no more return,

Save to Reflection's view.

For can I yet the tear refrain

For that blest Saint above,

Though 'scap'd from frailty, care, and pain,

To realms of peace and love!

Forbear

Forbear thy grief, my foolish heart :

Keep but the path she trod ;

And then we never more shall part :

That path leads up to God.

'Tis true, her way was close beset

By crafty foes and vile.

Yet still, superior to their hate,

She could pass on, and smile.

Not but their wicked arts would shock

A mind like hers sincere,

When fair Religion's gravest cloak

They durst presume to wear.

Nor could the kindred-ties of life

Defend her gen'rous breast

From that inexpiable strife,

Or gain a little rest.

Pardon, my gentle Friend in Heav'n,

The wish, that holy ire

Had to thy virtuous soul been giv'n,

Just terror to inspire ;

Like thy great Lord, who here below

Was meek as meek could be,

Yet loud denounc'd each dreadful woe

To base Hypocrisy.

Still she was truly good : the line

That form'd her fairest praise

Was mild Benevolence divine !

It ran through all her ways.

Her manners hence were courteous, kind ;

It taught her heart to feel ;

For truth and freedom warm'd her mind

With calm, yet ardent zeal.

Others to serve, and others please,

She nobly sacrific'd

Her gain, her leisure, and her ease :

The selfish she despis'd.

Delight she rarely sought on earth :

Hers was a higher scope !

For while she practis'd ev'ry worth,

She liv'd by Christian Hope.

The

The Word of Truth, the House of Prayer,

The Day of sacred Rest,

Were sweeter to her thoughts, by far,

Than honey to the taste.

Long observation her had shown,

That Virtue soon will stray,

By Piety if left alone

To find its doubtful way.

With Early piety the soul

Mid dang'rous snares to arm,

She deem'd the only sure controul,

The only sov'reign charm.

To see her Maker face to face,

In everlasting light;

For this she ran her arduous race,

For this sustain'd the fight;

The fight of Faith, by Love supreme,

Ordain'd her strength to try,

And yield a rich triumphant theme

Through bright Eternity!

See you that radiant crown of joy,

Her Saviour has conferr'd ?

A life like hers let us employ,

To win the same reward.

Ah ! let not us forget to trace

The Model we admir'd ;

Nor fail to shine in every grace

With which she was inspir'd.

To sooth her tender cares before,

Did long your hearts rejoice :

In Heav'n 'twill double all her store,

To see you good and wise.

ON

THE DEATH OF MEN

LATELY DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR TALENTS:

AN ODE.

LET others mourn the rich and gay,

Transform'd at last to senseless clay,

Who liv'd alone for show;

Like tinsel'd pageants on a stage,

That true applause could ne'er engage,

Nor give the soul to glow.

Let others mourn the vulgar great,

When fallen from their flatter'd state,

In common dust to lie.

Shall Death for these resign his dart,

That rank and place, without a heart,

May 'scape mortality?

Let slaves lament despotic kings,
To see them such neglected things,
When sunk into the grave!

Why should the hand of lawless power
From Nature's dread concluding hour
Have prevalence to save?

With better cause I shed the tear;
My grief more just, and more sincere!
I mourn the Learn'd and Wise,
With indiscriminating blow,
By Death's relentless arm laid low;
His richest, noblest prize!

A DUNNING, GOLDSMITH, JOHNSON, lost;^a
Dear to their Friends, their Country's boast;
Like weakest mortals slain!
Not all their talents, all their skill
The breast with rapture high to fill,
Could longer life obtain.

Ah!

^a Three admired Friends of the Author.

Ah! when shall lights like Them arise,
 And shine amidst our nether skies,
 Again to strike mankind;
 The rays of Truth again dispense,
 With all the warmth of Eloquence,
 By Wit and Taste refin'd?

And oh, that Brother,^b much endear'd
 To Youth by him in virtue rear'd,
 But most of all to me!——
 Yet, while I mourn the direful night
 That robb'd us of our soul's delight,
 Great God! I bend to Thee.

'Twas thy mysterious will to show
 The vanity of all below,
 When Genius and when Worth

^b Mr. DAVID FORDYCE, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the Mareschal College at Aberdeen, who lost his life by shipwreck, on his return from the Tour of Europe.

By us belov'd, by Thee inspir'd,
 A life for highest ends desir'd
 Could not retain on earth !

Teach us, blest Heav'n ! that sov'reign art,
 With ev'ry grace to form the heart
 For an immortal state ;
 Since not the brightest minds can shun,
 When all is known, and all is done,
 The universal Fate !

T O

A YOUNG MAN

OF UNCULTIVATED GENIUS:

AN EPISTLE.

NATURE in various moulds has cast mankind,
 Some form'd with finer sense, some thrown behind.
 Your Soul she has adorn'd with hopeful parts,
 Not yet improv'd by sciences or arts.
 Those pleasing gifts you owe to Heav'n alone :
 Fools only boast of merit not their own.
 Of Judgement would you show the surest test,
 You never will pretend that yours is best.
 The man who nought has seen but lower ground,
 Surveys with pride his little prospect round;
 While he that from a height extends his view,
 O'erlooks himself midst objects great and new.

The

The most exalted minds the world e'er saw,
 Were mark'd by Modesty, and struck with awe
 Of that sublime Perfection which they sought,
 But still beyond their reach, above their thought !
 Let not the syren Flatt'ry you beguile ;
 Let not the dreamer Sloth relax your toil.
 A diamond rough possesses native worth ;
 But polish only calls its beauty forth.
 Chiefly take care, that Virtue crown the whole ;
 Of Genius Virtue is the better soul !
 What were the verdant field, or blooming flower,
 Did not the Sun impart his vital power ?
 Of shining talents feeble is the praise,
 If Wisdom's fairer light withhold its rays.

T O

A Y O U N G M A N

IN DANGER OF BEING SEDUCED BY INFIDELITY:

A N O D E.

OH for some sovereign, sacred charm,
Th'unwary breast of Youth to arm,
Amid a host of foes
Combin'd against Religion's name,
To quash her power, to quench her flame,
And her best friends expose !

Alas ! that Learning's radiant light,
To plunge the soul in darkest night,
Should seek a gloomy joy !
Alas ! that Eloquence her skill,
Our dearest, sweetest hopes to kill,
Should cruelly employ !

Profane !

Profane ! with strength deriv'd from Heav'n,
For purposes far diff'rent giv'n,

Of Truth the awful fort.

Rude to assail, to shake our Faith,

And madly " firebrands cast, and death,"

TY: Yet cry, ye are in sport !

Yet boast of zeal for human-kind,

And yet lament, that we are blind !

Pretence how vain and wild !

What pity, that the young and gay,

From Virtue's path to turn away,

Should weakly be beguil'd !

Trust not in those deceitful arts :

Tempt not, with unsuspecting hearts,

The smooth but treach'rous snare,

Spread to betray your future peace,

Though now they promise quick release

From rigour, thought, and care.

Ah !

Ah! say, my Friend, where canst thou meet
 Pleasures more permanent, or sweet,
 Than those in Wisdom's ways?
 But Wisdom is the Fear of God:
 She only points the certain road
 To honour, joy, and praise.

So thought of old the Eastern Sage:
 So thought the wise of every age.
 The Great Supreme to know,
 To venerate, adore, obey,
 They constant held the destin'd way
 To happiness below.

In polish'd Athens, warlike Rome,
 Though ting'd with Metaphysic gloom,
 This noblest truth still shone.
 This truth, with zeal and genius fraught
 A Socrates, a Tully taught.
 Eternal Truth is one!

A point so plain who'er denies,
 On Nature's light must shut his eyes,
 Through prejudice or pride :
 Through pride his system to maintain,
 Or fix'd in prejudice remain,
 And mock each scheme beside.

Nature proclaims, the Power above
 Should still inspire the highest love,
 Since He alone us made,
 And us sustains, to learn his laws,
 And grateful hymn th'Eternal Cause,
 Whose goodness stands display'd.

How strange, that mid such ample store,
 There are who live, yet not adore !

That works so wond'rous great,
 So wond'rous fair, the human Mind,
 With all her faculties refin'd,
 Unheeding should forget !

Worse

Worse than forget, dare to decry ;

Perchance their Author to deny !

Oh, shame ! oh, misery !

What ! unimpress'd this scene to view,

For ever grand, for ever new !

That guilt be far from me.

And you, my youthful Friend, whose breast

Of native worth is still possess'd,

Will you its joys forego ?

Will you yet yield your heav'n-born soul

To slavish doubt and vile controul,

Replete with pain and woe ?

Guard well the op'nings of the mind,

Where errors easiest entrance find.

There your chief danger lies !

The love of sophistry, dispute,

Th'ambition to be deem'd acute,

And vulgar souls despise !

Prepare to give an answer clear
To those that ask, with aim sincere,
A reason for your Faith.

On such as leave fair Candour's rules,
And laugh with libertines and fools,
Disdain to waste your breath.

Perplexing thoughts, by slow degrees,
Will steal insensibly your ease,
And shade your anxious breast.

Frigid objection, servile fear
Of Ridicule's contemptuous sneer,
Will quite destroy your rest.

So have I seen a cold moon-light,
At first though fair, at first though bright,
Yet soon with clouds o'ercast ;
Till all the prospect died away
In night profound, without a ray
To cheer the view at last !

From

From firm conviction, boldly scorn
 Their taunts and cavils ; hope forlorn
 Of all the common fry,
 Free-thinkers styl'd ! The number's small
 Of such as really think at all !
 'Tis mere hypocrisy !

But when the crew, with desp'rate rage,
 Would tear away the holy pledge
 Of all your joy and hope,
 That precious Volume from on high ;
 Indignant then their presence fly,
 And leave them to their scope :

Their thread-bare jests, their gross abuse,
 Their nonsense, ever most profuse
 When demonstrations fail !
 But bear with those of better mind,
 Where modest doubt, affection kind,
 And decency prevail.

Pray for thyself with earnest heart,
That Heav'n would light and grace impart,

To save thee from the toils
Of sensual Pleasure, Sophist fair,
The young disciple to ensnare,
Array'd in gayest smiles !

The temp'rate Soul, correct and pure,
Watchful to shun that fatal lure,

From Faith will seldom stray.
A virtuous Faith the virtuous man
Can never wish untrue : his plan
Her precepts to obey !

However arduous the ascent
Of self-denial, still intent

To seize eternal joys ;
To follow unappall'd her lead ;
Resolv'd to gain that glorious meed,
Encourag'd by her voice !

'Tis

'Tis not the truths that Jesus taught,

'Tis not the miracles he wrought,

That cause the deep offence.

His morals strict, his rules sublime,

His threats beyond the sphere of time,

Alarming to the sense !

'Tis these the sons of Unbelief

In secret hate : from these relief

Oh ! could they but obtain ;

Would Christ new-frame his Code of Laws,

He then should meet with their applause ;

His doctrines might remain.

TO

THE COMPANION

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO DIED OF INTEMPERANCE :

AN ODE.

DISTRACTION! can you pledge the cup

That kill'd your Friend, and all his hope?

Can you thus desp'rately destroy

Your added days, and all your joy?

His health was firm as yours :

He never counted hours ;

Till ceaseless riot wore him down,

And ev'ry power of mirth was flown.

Too late he then perceiv'd himself bereft

Of life and bliss, by that deep pois'nous draught.

F

Perdition!

Perdition ! to approach the gate,
 Where guileful ruin lay in wait,
 His hapless youth still to betray,
 And drag him farther from the way,
 Where peace alone is found !
 And dare you tempt the ground,
 With deadly snares all cover'd o'er,
 From whence he ne'er retreated more?
 By pandars held, to prostitutes enslav'd,
 The horrors of his state he madly brav'd.

And yet his mind was early taught ;
 And yet his thoughts with wit were fraught.
 But, proudly leaning on his strength,
 He trusted to reform at length.

Deceit how weak and vain !
 Will you so blind remain ?
 Each wiser course will you forego,
 And rush like him on death and woe ?
 A moment stop, one question to resolve :
 Th'idea I conjure you to revolve.

Are you prepar'd to meet his Ghost,
 Despairing on that dismal coast,
 Where Souls, polluted and forlorn,
 With fury on each other turn,

The partners of their shame
 That fann'd the fatal flame ?

Had you not lent your cruel aid,
 Perchance that poor departed Shade
 Had broke the chains of vice, and liv'd to-day,
 With Temp'rance happy, and with Wisdom gay !

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE:

AN ODE.

INFORM me, VIRTUE! Is it true?
Does PLEASURE really dwell with you?
The sons of sense say, No,
They say, that all who mind your rules,
Are gloomy superstitious fools,
And every joy forego.

They say, and openly maintain,
That your rewards are care and pain;
And while on Heav'n you preach,
At best 'tis but a phantom fair,
The Soul is mortal, melts in air,
And Heav'n shall never reach.

Or tell me, PLEASURE ! what you feel ;

Speak honestly, nor aught conceal :

The matter is of weight.

PLEASURE, sweet power, to Nature dear !

Never wish'd to be austere ;

I seek the happiest state.

PLEASURE replies, with modest smile,

Let not a name thy heart beguile.

“ My name the sons of sense

Have oft assum'd : but, trust me, they

From happiness are far astray :

“ 'Tis all a mere pretence.

“ To me they boast alliance near ;

“ As Men of Pleasure, Men of Cheer,

“ If you will them believe.

“ Meanwhile they are of CIRCE's crew ;

“ Wretched, defil'd ; with painted hue,

“ Weak mortals to deceive.

" CIRCE, my rival, harlot base !"

" Her poison'd cup the human race

" To frenzy can inflame :

" Her blinded followers she betrays :

" Her specious arts, her flowery ways,

" Lead on to guilt and shame.

" Mine is a purer, nobler rise.

" VIRTUE, my Parent, from the skies

" Came down to bless the earth

" With me, the Child she bore to LOVE ;

" A beauteous happy pair above,

" And here of highest worth !

" VIRTUE, I grant, is often tried

" By sickness, sorrow, envy, pride ;

" Nor is asham'd to mourn.

" But trial strengthens : conscience cheers,

" Of death and woe prevents the fears :

" Assaults to vict'ry turn.

“ Of active life the hard turmoils,
 “ The patriot’s cares, the hero’s toils,
 “ In brighter triumphs end.
 “ Of friendship, sympathy, the pains,
 “ A gen’rous soul accounts her gains,
 “ While all the good commend.

“ But who can paint the heartfelt glow
 “ Of holy love, of thought the flow
 “ Reciprocal, sincere;
 “ Faith’s firm repose, hope’s vision bright,
 “ Of God’s approving face the light,
 Of prayer the rapt’rous tear?

“ Nor deem such bliss an empty form:
 “ ’Tis solid, will defy the storm,
 “ And keep the breast serene;
 “ When all the merriment of Vice,
 “ A low-born vapour, sudden flies,
 “ And leaves a void within;

“ An

“ An aching void, where nought can come,

“ But self-reproach, and secret gloom,

“ Earnest of future woe !

“ Let braggart sinners loudly boast :

“ To joy, to peace, to comfort lost,

“ True heart they do not know.

“ They dare not face rich Folly's frown :

“ To saucy Greatness they bow down.

“ Held fast in passion's chain

“ They talk of liberty : 'tis prate.

“ The slaves of appetite and fate,

“ They start at every pain.

“ Left Death their trembling souls should seize,

“ Their blood with mortal horrors freeze,

“ And all their prospects end.

“ At that inevitable hour,

“ My Parent, VIRTUE, proves her power,

“ An everlasting Friend !

“ In

* In life, in death, I follow her :

* She, she alone, can joys confer,

“ To fill the human heart :

* From Heav’n together first we came :

* Constant we breathe one common flame,

“ And never, never part !”

THE

THE WELCOME,
FROM TWO RED-BREASTS
TO DR. AND MRS. FORDYCE,
THE MORNING AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE
COUNTRY.

A N O D E.

WELCOME, kind Friends, we fain would say,
Thrice welcome to this calm retreat,
Where Peace unruffled loves to stay ;
Of Health and Ease the fav'rite seat !

Peace to the Man of gentle heart,
That sent you here the birds among !
His joy to us will joy impart ;
His lot be blest, his life be long.

When he with you shall frequent join
In sweet symphonious circle gay,
Our sweetest notes shall still combine,
To crown the mirth, and swell the lay.

THE

THE ANSWER:

AN ODE.

YE little Warblers, lovely Pair !

Well pleas'd we hear your soothing strain.

No, no ! it is not lost in air :

Of us ye never shall complain.

Our hearts were form'd to love your race :

Of all the tribes that wing the sky,

Most sure to find a sheltering-place,

While pinch'd by cold to man ye fly !

Our friendly hearth shall you receive,

Your annual visit when ye pay :

Rich crumbs our ready hands shall give,

And you'll reward us with your lay.

To

T O
A FAVOURITE SKY-LARK:
AN ELEGY.

TRANSPORTING Bird, how bold, how sweet thy lays!
Thy lays with pleasure ever new I hear:
Ah! could I equal them in thy just praise,
And fill with ravishment the list'ning ear!

Let whining Poets sing their Nightingale,
In ev'ry varied verse of liquid sound:
Thy triumphs, lovely Lark, I'll fondly tell:
More rapt'rous airs than thine were never found.

In Italy's soft vales and genial groves,
The Nightingale perchance may melt his voice,
In smooth mellifluent tones to chaunt his loves.
Forgive me, Poets! Here he makes a noise.^a

Dear

^a The Author, who kept a Nightingale several years, often found his song too loud.

Dear charming Lark, prolong thy matchless strains,
 Where mellow sounds with sprightly force unite.
 A verdant turf shall thank thee for thy pains ;
 Thy wants shall be supplied by morning-light.

Thy wants, my philosophic Friend, are few ;
 Bread, water, sand, a grassy sod, is all !
 'Twere well if sensualists did copy you :
 Their luxuries on nature would not pall.

Yet you, I fear, are touch'd with self-conceit !
 For while I strive to celebrate your name,
 You fondly flutter on your throne of state,
 As though elated by the breath of Fame.

But hark ! again I feel th'inspiring charm.
 Thy venial faults I readily excuse :
 Nay, were they worse, my wrath thou wouldst disarm,
 And musical delight afresh infuse.

Yes !

Yes! I will learn, sweet Chorister, of thee,
 With cheerful voice t'extol creation's King.
 My heart at least shall make true melody,
 Though notes like thine I am not skill'd to bring.

And yet, my Bird, one day I shall excell.
 Soon in thy airy prison thou must die;
 Nor will those wond'rous powers combin'd prevail,
 To gain for thee a place in yonder sky.

But when from bondage death shall set me free,
 My Soul shall wing her flight to worlds above,
 The great Almighty's glory near to see,
 And sing his praise with harmony and love.

TO

A TAME RED-BREAST,

PICKING CRUMBS ON THE AUTHOR'S TABLE, WHILE
MRS. FORDYCE WAS CONFINED TO BED:

AN ELEGY.

POOR thing! 'tis kindly done, I must confess,

My solitary table to attend;

Thy fav'rite Mistress sick in bed, alas!

And widely distant ev'ry former friend!

'Tis kindly done in thee, with grateful-zeal,

Thus to repay the crumbs I freely give:

By all thy pretty tricks, the cares I feel

Fain wouldst thou banish, and my breast relieve.

So much, I own, of nature and of art,

In every look and motion is conjoin'd;

Thou'rt so familiar, and sometimes so pert,

As for a moment to amuse the mind.

But

But though I like thee, ROBIN, it were vain
 For thee to hope thy presence can supply
 The want of her whose sickness gives me pain,
 While here I sigh for her society.

What are thy looks to hers, where reason beams,
 Where sentiment, and truth, and virtue meet ?
 What is thy sprightliest sport to hers, who seems
 • The very child of unaffected wit?

Thy song, indeed, is lively : through the ear
 With sweetest notes it thrills : but then, my Friend,
 Thou canst not touch the inward soul like her,
 Nor sweetness with expression finely blend.

Nor canst thou join with me in social talk :
 Thou canst not speak the feelings of the heart ;
 Nor mark the beauties of the rural walk ;
 And tender thoughts, and pleasing smiles, impart.

Go, little Bird ! and leave me for a while :
 My mind is heavy, and refuses play :
 Play cannot my anxieties beguile,
 When sick in bed thy Mistress is away !

TO SPRING:

AN ELEGY.

TO what more favour'd clime, reluctant SPRING,
 Hast thou retir'd? to us thy beauty lost,
 Thy balmy breath, thy birds that wont to sing,
 Subdued by boist'rous winds, or chill'd by frost!

Nature all cheerless lies! The sadden'd soul
 With her sinks down in sympathetic gloom:
 Of eastern blasts she feels the harsh controul,
 And mourns the absence of thy genial bloom.

Return, ye verdant scenes, to sooth the eye,
 Weary of winter-snows and russet fields:
 Return, ye fragrant flowers of many a dye,
 And that mild air, which soft refreshment yields!

G

Return,

Return, ye feather'd choristers, to charm
 With cheerful melody the longing ear,
 Late fill'd by howling tempests with alarm
 For sea-beat mariners, and shipwrecks near.^a

Ah ! cruel SPRING, haste, and to us return :
 Revive each drooping sense, and heavy heart,
 Too long, alas ! deserted and forlorn.
 Oh, haste, and all thy dearest joys impart.

^a The Halfewell East-Indiaman had been lost in the neighbourhood of Christ-Church some time before this was written.

TO SPRING:

AN ELEGY.

RELENTING SPRING, who to my earnest prayer
 Hast hearken'd, and thy footsteps hither turn'd,
 With those sweet smiles, and that delightful air,
 To chase the wint'ry glooms I lately mourn'd ;

Hap'ly to end the elemental strife,
 And brighten universal Nature's face,
 To call her various kingdoms into life,
 And lend her all thy loveliness and grace !

With thee, alluring SPRING, I'll daily walk,
 Attentive listen to thy tuneful voice ;
 And while with thee, and God himself, I talk,
 In thy benignity and his rejoice.

* Written some time after the former.

Let Poets court the Muse, t'inspire their lays :
 Rapt by thy charms, thou soul-exalting Spring!
 Those charms my heart in native verse shall praise:
 The joys I feel, my grateful heart shall sing.

Let others hasten to the giddy throng,
 Eager from Nature and themselves to flee :
 Of happier birds I'll join the peaceful song,
 And live serene, endearing SPRING, with thee.

T O

THE SKY-LARK ON WING.

SOON as the Morn sends forth her roseate ray,
 To waken earth, and usher in the day ;
 The animated Lark, on joyful wings,
 Sublimely soars, and soaring sweetly sings ;
 Implicit praises carolling on high,
 While thoughtless Men in slumber buried lie,
 Forgetful of the greater debt they owe :
 To feel how languid, and to pay how slow !
 Henceforth, thou charming Bird, I'll learn of thee
 To rise betimes, and add my melody ;
 Though with less sprightly, not less grateful voice,
 To hymn our common Parent, and rejoice !

THE ANSWER.

- “ HAVE I then rous’d thee,” glad the Lark replies,
 “ Early to swell the music of the skies ?
 “ Trust me, thy hours will happier roll away,
 “ When consecrated thus with ardent lay !
 “ ’Tis true, in Nature’s song a part I bear :
 “ The Warblers of the grove unite their share ;
 “ But chiefly Man, when touch’d with hallow’d fire,
 “ Exalts the honours of the general Sire.
 “ Nor seek We aught beyond the simple aim,
 “ To breathe our little note, and fan the flame ;
 “ While You aspire with Heav’n’s high strains to glow,
 “ Far, far above our raptures here below !”

DIVINE

DIVINE GREATNESS AND MERCY:

A HYMN.

GREAT Sov'reign Power, above all thought !

Yet by the pious heart still sought,

Throughout thy wond'rous ways ;

Though now to this dim sphere confin'd,

To thee I fain would lift my mind,

And humbly try thy praise.

Fain would I sing thy glories bright,

Dwelling in unapproached light ;

But sink beneath the theme.

Father, forgive my feeble song.

When I have join'd th'immortal throng,

And seen thy seat supreme ;

When

When I have seen thy gracious face,
Shining with clearest, mildest rays ;

A strain more worthy Thee
Glad will I bring. Thou know'st my state,
And, merciful as Thou art great,
Meanwhile wilt pity me.

The mid-day Sun, the mighty Main,
The spacious Earth, with all her train,
And yonder radiant Sky,
When I behold in deep amaze,
I'm dazzled by the boundless blaze
Of views so vast, so high !

Maker benign ! support my breast,
By too much Majesty oppress'd.

Thy Greatness strikes my soul
With trembling awe, with conscious fear,
Left in Thy presence I appear
Too mean amidst the Whole.

Amidst Immensity's dread space,
When I thy nameless wonders trace,

I seem to shrink away ;
In littleness, in nothing, lost ;
Astonish'd I could ever boast,
The phantom of a day !

Whither, ah ! whither should I fly ;
Did not thy Mercy hope supply,
That little though I be,
With God I yet regard may find ;
With God, the Parent of mankind,
The Parent too of me ?

While thunders, lightnings, flaming fire,
And winds, and storms, and earthquakes dire,
Proclaim thy awful might ;
Ten thousand blessings tell the mind,
That Thou art good, that Thou art kind,
And terror put to flight.

Beyond the rest, that God-like plan
 Of sov'reign Grace to guilty man,
 By thy illustrious Son,
 Display'd in all its matchless charms,
 Sweetly composes my alarms
 For evil I have done !

Thus, when transcendant splendors shine,
 And strength and purity divine
 Impress with holy fear ;
 My thoughts with joyful rev'rence bend
 Before a Father, and a Friend,
 To Saints and Angels dear !

DEVOUT

DEVOUT WISHES:

A HYMN.

ETERNAL Source of holy love !
 Whose influence warms the blest above ;
 Refine my heart below :
 Its Wishes raise, its thoughts inspire,
 That with Devotion's sacred fire
 I too may learn to glow.

Thrice happy Spirits, that reside
 In Heaven's high court, and there abide
 So near the throne of light !
 Great Maker ! to thy glorious seat,
 Where pure Intelligences meet,
 When shall I take my flight ?

Releas'd

Releas'd from this dark house of clay,
With transport I will spring away,
And see the face of God.

Mean time, to keep my conscience clear,
O, give me piety sincere,
Lest I should miss the road.

Give me to shun those dangerous ways,
That, like a meteor's tempting blaze,
Would lead to death and woe.
Come, fair Religion's steady light !
With clearness pointing to the right :
Direct me as I go.

Safe guide my feet in Wisdom's way,
Where Christian Faith imparts her ray,
And peace and pleasure join,
To soften Virtue's daily toils ;
While Heav'n looks on with gracious smiles,
And whispers things divine.

Heard you, my Soul, that gentle voice ?

“ Fear not, O man ! Immortal joys

“ Await thee at the end.

“ Still watch and pray ; do good ; adore :

“ In Jesus trust, who went before,

“ Thy everlasting Friend !”

Teach me, sweet Saviour, all thy will :

Aid me thy orders to fulfill,

On earth while I remain :

In Heav'n thy wond'rous love and grace

I'll sing in more exalted lays,

With thy celestial train.

TO
THE EARL OF BUTE:
 AN EPISTLE.*

BLEST be that wondrous Art which taught the eye
 Those radiant Stars and Planets to descry,
 With clearest vision, through their glorious rounds;
 To tell their distances, and mark their bounds;
 Boldly to measure universal space,
 And in his grandest works the Workman trace!

Blest be the gen'rous Hand that did impart
 This soul-inspiring Glass, which gives my heart
 To glow with gratitude to You, my Lord,
 And piety to Him who spoke the word
 That call'd those num'rous orbs, with varied rays,
 To light creation, and to kindle praise.

Whene'er

* Occasioned by the Present of a valuable Telescope
 from his Lordship.

When'er my aided sight surveys the sky,
 And all its golden splendors rang'd on high,
 My raptur'd thoughts I'll lift to yonder throne,
 And pray for happiness your life to crown;
 A Glass than yours yet nobler then apply,
 Through fair Religion's medium stretch my eye;
 Superior heights, and brighter glories scan,
 Than now can be attain'd by mortal man;
 With ardent zeal for future worlds prepare,
 And hope, at last, my Lord, to meet you there.

AN

A N E P I T H E T

FOR THE PRESENT AGE.

POETS with rapture sing the **GOLDEN** Age,
 Of human excellence the highest stage !
 In darkest shades they paint those **IRON** Days,
 When men nor Virtue sought, nor Virtue's praise,
 Our Times to both, to neither, are allied ;
 In show supreme, of ans'ring worth devoid !
 Shining like Gold, yet full of base alloy ;
 And hard like Iron, yet light as childish toy !
 Could Sciences and Arts lost fame restore,
 'Tis own'd that these have never flourish'd more.
 But Principle and Feeling fade away :
 The Passion of This Age is Vain Display.
 Might I a novel Epithet advance,
PYRITICAL^a would mark its Name at once.

^a From **PYRITES**, a hard Stone or Mineral, of a rich and glittering appearance, but without corresponding value.

EVIL COMPANY:

AN ODE.^a

THE Garden breath'd a sweet perfume,
 And all was beauty, all was bloom;
 The orient Sun unclouded shone,
 And Flora's gayest robes were on;
 Health was convey'd on every breeze;
 The richest blossoms cloth'd the trees;
 Hope sprung to think, that Autumn's store
 Would crown whate'er appear'd before;
 When sudden rose a killing eastern blast,
 And, lo! the golden prospect all at once was past.

See

^a Written soon after the sudden Blight which happened
 last Summer.

H

See you that Youth, whose happier days
 Inspir'd each gen'rous mind with praise ;
 Whom careful Culture's prudent hand
 Had taught his passions to command ;
 Whose manners spoke a gentle heart,
 Beyond the reach of modern art ?
 Where'er in those blest years he came,
 He still excited Friendship's flame :
 Each candid eye beheld him with delight,
 When Folly's noxious air produc'd a fatal Blight !

AN

AN EPISTLE

TO

MRS. STREATWELL.^a

I CANNOT, Madam, speak the deep-felt joy,
 When Memory recalls your sweet employ;
 So well directed, and so truly blest,
 It wins the judgement, and transports the breast!

In

^a Wife to a very worthy Gentleman of that name, at Overton, in Hampshire; where he carries on an extensive Silk manufactory, in which no fewer than one hundred and ninety Girls, of different ages, are constantly employed. To the amiable purpose of instructing them in knowledge, virtue, and piety, she devotes herself with disinterested zeal, uncommon capacity, and unwearied tenderness. Those happy Children look up to her with the utmost reverence and love; while she exhibits to all around her, an example of goodness and condescension singularly engaging.

In human life, through all its ample round,
 A fight more charming ne'er perhaps was found,
 Than that fair, lovely, little, happy throng,
 In rosy health, that gaily trip along,
 Intent to gain the honour of your smiles,
 To ply with magic touch their easy toils,
 And rev'rent listen to the Best of Books,
 By you explain'd with those endearing looks,
 That captivate their young delighted hearts,
 Beyond a thousand cold and formal arts.

Sagacious you have read the op'ning mind,
 To mould it, asks both sense and patience join'd.
 The meekest bosom owns a secret pride :
 The feeblest spirit scorns to be defied :
 Ingenuous natures seek an early friend :
 You wish not to discourage, but commend.
 For goodness to excite the more regard,
 With commendation you connect reward.
 When you reprove, you show it is with pain :
 By shame you punish, and by love restrain.

The wayward will you bend, but not dismay :
 The youthful fancy you allure by play ;
 Nor with affected dignity disdain,
 Sometimes to join the sports upon the plain :
 And then you tell such pretty moral tales !
 A story may persuade where precept fails.
 But oft assuming a more solemn voice,
 You point your wond'ring audience to the skies,
 And say, " Remember that the Power above,
 " Your words, your thoughts, your actions, all will
 prove.

" To please that Power be your perpetual aim :
 " Revere his holy day, his holy name :
 " Obey your Saviour, who died for you :
 " Be sure, my Darlings, always to speak true :
 " Be modest, gentle, diligent, and just.
 " Then God will prosper you, good men will trust,
 " And I will ever prize you for your worth ;
 " Bright Angels will protect you while on earth,
 " And when ye die, your souls will safe convey
 " To beauteous mansions in eternal day."

With rapture there, blest STREATWELL, thou shalt
meet

Thy dear immortal charge around the seat
Of sov'reign Love. There grateful they will cry,
“ ’Twas She that led us to this place on high ;
“ ’Twas She that taught us Wisdom’s pleasing way,
“ And watchful sweetly warn’d us not to stray ;
“ While prayers and hymns conspir’d our hearts to
“ raise,
“ And self-denial still was crown’d with praise.”

To You, my honour’d Friend, the task was giv’n ;
The glorious task, a privilege from Heav’n !
Cheerful proceed your Virgin-train to rear
In useful industry, and honour clear ;
To guard their virtue, and prevent the woes
That threaten Innocence from nameless foes.
Youth uninstructed tempts each hurtful snare :
To save and bless be still your pious care.

DAPHNE:

D A P H N E.

A S O N G.

I.

TELL me, fair DAPHNE, tell me why
 The Roses in those cheeks should die,
 Where once so wondrous fresh they grew,
 Adorn'd with Nature's finest hue.

II.

'Tis not that Time has o'er them past ;
 'Tis not that Care their bloom could blast.
 Thy youthful years remain untold ;
 Nor dost thou toil for lack of gold.

III.

Speak then, dear charming Maid, the cause.
 You blush, you hesitate, you pause !
 Ah ! DAPHNE, DAPHNE, you're in love :
 Love's pains your heart is doom'd to prove ;

IV.

The pleasing pains that eat them up
 Who heedless taste its dang'rous cup.
 You justly suffer in your turn,
 Who force that gentle Youth to mourn.

V.

No wanton God does thee pursue :
 That gentle Youth is just and true.
 A tender Friend he longs to find :
 He loves the Graces in your mind.

VI.

On him to smile if you shall deign,
 And kindly free him from his pain,
 The joy of giving joy you'll know :
 The sweetest cordial here below !

VII.

Health will revive, and life will please :
 Your breast will then resume its ease :
 Love mellow'd into Friendship then,
 Will make the Roses bloom again.

^a In allusion to Apollo's pursuing the Nymph DAPHNE, who chose rather to be changed into a Bay-tree, than yield to his amours.

THE BLACK EAGLE:

A SONG.^a

I.

HARK! yonder Eagle lonely wails:
 His faithful bosom grief assails.
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor Bird I make my moan:
 I grieve for dearest DELIA gone.
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly:
 He mourns for love, and so do I.

II.

'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast;
 'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest.
 He drops his wings, he hangs his head,
 Since she he fondly lov'd was dead.

With

^a Intended for a pathetic Air of that name, in Oswald's
 Collection of Scotch Tunes.

With DELIA's breath my joy expir'd :
 'Twas DELIA's smiles my fancy fir'd.
 Like that poor Bird, I pine, and prove,
 Nought can supply the place of Love.

III.

Dark as his feathers was the fate
 That robb'd him of his darling Mate.
 Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
 That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
 To him is now for ever lost
 The heart-felt bliss he once could boast.
 Thy sorrows, hapless Bird, display
 An image of my soul's dismay.

ON
PRAYING TO SAINTS:

AN ODE.

LET the blind Votaries of Rome,
Mised by bigotry and gloom,
Present their daily Prayers
To Saints of legendary fame,
In Holy Writ without a name,
For comfort midst their cares ;

For wish'd success, and wanted aid,
To warm the heart, direct the head,
And grant each fond desire;
To ward off danger, pain, and death,
Receive at last their parting breath,
And save them from the fire ; *

* Of Purgatory.

Their

Their cause, mean time, to plead on high,
 While they below secure rely
 On virtues not their own ;
 Certain that souls of such rare worth
 Cannot but feel for them on earth,
 And sway th'eternal throne !

For me, I hold a diff'rent Creed ;
 On surer ground I will proceed :
 The Scriptures point my road.
 I there am taught on Christ alone
 To fix my trust, and Him to own
 Sole Advocate with God.

In truth, that Fanatics should rise
 To noblest honours in the skies,
 Must shock all common sense.
 Nor can it be, that any Name,
 However pure or bright, should claim
 This grand preeminence ;

But

But He to whom his Father's love
 "Has giv'n All Power !" His Saints above,

The truly good and wise,
 I venerate : I pray to none
 Save One Supreme, through Him alone,
 Our only Sacrifice !

From His obedience on the Cross,
 We learn to suffer pain and loss,
 In fair Religion's cause.
 While on his merits we depend,
 We love him as our Lord and Friend ;
 We love his holy Laws :

His great Example we admire ;
 To copy Him our hearts aspire :
 We feel the wondrous charm
 Of all he suffer'd, all he wrought,
 So far above our highest thought,
 The soul with strength to arm.

By

By his almighty Grace inspir'd,
 With hope in his Protection fir'd,
 We nought can dread in life :
 He ne'er will leave us : and at death
 His power will animate our Faith
 With joy to end the strife.

TO

TO
THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER,
WHO DIED MANY YEARS AGO.

AN ELEGY.

DEAR lovely Saint, from whom I drew my birth,
It will not interrupt thy heav'nly joys,
If, from this chequer'd state ordain'd on earth,
To thee I fondly raise my filial voice.

Not to invoke thy aid, or ask thy prayers
At Heav'n's bright throne. My Saviour ever lives,
Me to support in all my present cares,
While hope of future bliss he kindly gives.

To trust his all-prevailing power above,
To trust his gracious influence in me,
To lean undoubting on his faithful love,
These lessons blest I early learnt from thee.

From

From thee I learnt the word of Truth to prize;
 Thy dearest treasure ! Thence thy sweetest peace !
 'Twas thence thy Soul would take her daily rise;
 There wast thou taught thy Maker how to please.

When worn by sickness, or when press'd by care,
 When light was wanted to conduct thy feet,
 To those divine Records thou wouldst repair,
 Nor ever fail each better aid to meet.

I learnt from thee, that Virtue's sacred ways,
 Beginning in the stedfast fear of God,
 Alone could lead to happiness and praise,
 And lift the soul to his sublime abode.

Methinks I often hear you grateful sing,
 Midst kindred spirits pure and good as you,
 The great Redeemer, and th'Almighty King,
 With transports ever high and ever new.

Dear lovely Saint, I can remember well ;

The recollection sooths my feeble years ;

How on those noblest themes you oft would dwell,

And melt your little audience into tears.

Their Father then, their honour'd Guardian, gone,

They num'rous, young——“ My Children,” you
would say,

“ Th'Eternal reigns : I trust in Him alone,

“ The Widow's Husband, and the Orphan's Stay !

“ He reigns unerring, ever to protect

“ Those that with honest heart, and willing mind,

“ Implore his favour, and his laws respect :

“ To such his Providence is ever kind.

“ Oft times perhaps most kind, when most it tries !

“ Believe your Mother, who has frequent found

“ The sharpest evils blessings in disguise,

“ Like trees that yield rich gums from deepest
wound.

I

“ A doctrine

- “ A doctrine to th’unpractis’d ear how strange !
 “ By youthful Fancy seldom understood.
 “ But let her fairy scenes Affliction change :
 “ Wisdom will teach you then to hold it good.”

Sweet blessed Saint, in hours of heaviest woe,
 Thy soul resign’d would all my wonder raise :
 So soft, so strong, at once to overflow
 With tend’reſt grief, and with devouteſt praiſe !

Nor grief nor pain could ſtop thy conſtant courſe :
 Thy worth and piety their way purſued ;
 As rivers, riſing from a copious ſource,
 Roll on with regular, though ſilent, flood.

At Mercy’s footſtool, when thy fervent heart
 Pour’d itſelf forth in fulleſt, ſimpleſt ſtrains,
 With ſtreaming eyes ; what language can impart
 The force of thy unſtudied eloquence ?

Th’effuſion

Th'effusions of thy pen, with feeling fraught,
 With friendly wishes, and with wise intent,
 Were Nature's self : they breath'd thy inmost thought,
 T'oblige, inform, delight, sincerely bent !

You never check'd our little harmless play,
 Forbad the sprightly dance, or cheerful song :
 You never chac'd well-meaning Youth away ;
 Rememb'ring still that You too once were young.

You still consider'd, future days would bring
 Sufficient ills, the gayest minds to try :
 They would not always sport, or always sing :
 You would not hasten the approaching sigh.

Your venerable plaudit to obtain,
 With us a sacred point of duty seem'd.
 For this we shunn'd no study, toil, or pain :
 Your smiles our gratitude an honour deem'd.

In thee Religion shone with mildest ray,
 The native emanation of thy mind ;
 An humble mind, that never sought display ;
 From purest motives pious, good, and kind !

Oh, could I paint the sweet endearing charm,
 With which thy Virtues stole upon the heart ;
 I then should female vanity disarm,
 And shame the silly tricks of female art !

The sober triumphs of thy guileless soul,
 And upright life, thy Son would loud proclaim ;
 Thy matchless Meekness flowing through the whole,
 And deeply marking thy distinguish'd fame :

Those matron-looks, that staid maternal mien,
 Those placid smiles that spoke thy breast benign,
 That pleasing voice, that happy air serene,
 From conscious probity, and faith divine.

How oft with holy rapture have I heard,
 While an admiring circle sat around,
 Each prudent counsel, and each precious word,
 Prompted by cool remark, and judgement sound !

To thee was giv'n calm unaffected sense,
 With clearest truth, the day-light of the mind,
 That forms and proves its highest excellence,
 With Charity and Candour when conjoin'd.

O Candour ! fairest judge of human race !
 O Charity ! the fav'rite child of God !
 By you inspir'd she sought mankind to bless ;
 Ye were the dear associates of her road.

When sick of folly, when ungracious men
 Would strive to fill my bosom with dismay ;
 Thy gentle image rais'd me up again :
 I turn'd to Thee, and look'd my cares away.

May I presume, my soul, unblam'd to boast,
 A much-lov'd Mother made her Son a Friend?
 That much-lov'd Mother, now to him long lost,
 Her fullest confidence would freely lend.

“Long lost!”—Th’impatient thought, my heart,
 recall :

Extend thy view beyond the bounds of Time.
 A few short transient years, what are they all
 To yonder vast Eternity sublime?

There soon my reverend Parents I shall meet,
 And join in everlasting friendship high,
 Near to the Universal Father’s seat!
 For me they there look out with ardent eye.

With ardent hope expands my kindling breast:
 A few more suns will quickly pass away:
 With You I shall enjoy untroubled rest,
 And live with You through Heav’n’s immortal day.

ON
A PICTURE OF RELIGION,

BY
ANGELICA KAUFFMAN:^a

AN ODE.

O BEAUTEOUS form, O face benign,
Of her who leads to VIRTUE's shrine !
Of her, whose venerable name
On noblest minds imprints respect.
Nor can the proudest Thee neglect,
Without incurring conscious blame.

RELIGION,

^a From a Description which she met with in THE TEMPLE OF VIRTUE, published by the Author, where RELIGION is represented as a Female Personage of great beauty, with her eyes full of mild devotion, and her right hand raised to Heaven; holding in her left a box of Incense, from which she had thrown part on an Altar that stands by her, while Roses are scattered at her feet. The

Picture

RELIGION, Daughter of the skies !
Who know thee best, most highly prize.

My soul before thy greatness bends :
O'er ev'ry passion, ev'ry thought,
By felt conviction I am taught,
Thy just authority extends.

Thy precepts pure when I obey,
Nor weakly quit that blissful way,
All is serenity and joy.

But thy commands when I transgress,
Their sanctions fail not to impress *

Those secret fears, which peace destroy.

Yet

Picture exhibits a distant view of the Temple, to which RELIGION is supposed in the Book to direct the youthful Traveller. As her figure is perfectly graceful and lovely, so her air and aspect are alike expressive of elevation, benignity, and complacence. The colouring is delightful, and the drapery flowing. The Piece all together has been admired by the best judges. A very fine Engraving from it has been executed by Bartolozzi.

Yet still thy meekness points to Heav'n,
 And tells me, that to Thee was giv'n
 The gracious charge, peace to restore,
 When penitence shall melt the breast,
 When all its errors are confess'd,
 And folly is pursued no more.

Those looks so placid, so sublime,
 Compose the anxious cares of time.
 That rising incense lifts the mind,
 In adoration high, to God!
 That sacred altar marks the road
 Where unprov'd delight we find.

These scatter'd roses plainly show,
 That true RELIGION's path below,
 From gloomy rigour far remote,
 With pleasures ever sweet is strow'd,
 By Heav'n's decree alone bestow'd
 On souls to VIRTUE early brought,

Fair Artist, let me not forget
 Thy skilful hand to celebrate,
 That kindly form'd the work divine.
 For me, I only gave the hint :
 'Twas yours to add each living tint,
 And draw each graceful flowing line :

'Twas yours to light those radiant eyes,
 With rapture rais'd towards the skies ;
 To elevate that pious arm,
 Which speaks the heart ascending there ;
 And bid that mild complacent air
 With holy love our bosoms warm.

Fair Artist, thy congenial breast
 Was by RELIGION's soul possess'd,
 That Angel when you first design'd.
 And still you felt her heav'nly fire
 Your glowing Pencil's aim inspire
 To charm, and to exalt the mind.

TO
ANGELICA KAUFFMAN,
AT ROME:

AN ELEGY.

SWEET Excellence, thy Letters I have seen.

Thy Pen, a pencil to pourtray thy mind,
Presents its image, ardent yet serene,
As Virtue harmless, and as Friendship kind.

But while I view it with unfeign'd delight,
Such the condition of our joys on earth,
Th'Original is vanish'd from our sight!
I mourn thy absence, as I love thy worth.

I envy fair Italia's happier fate;
Her sons I envy their more favour'd taste.
Britannia's Isle thy merits knew too late;
Blest in thy converse, in thy genius blest!

How

How transient, alas ! are human things !

How soon our brightest ornaments withdrawn !

ANGELICA, beyond the price of Kings,

To us is lost, from us for ever gone !

But cease, my soul, to murmur at our lot.

She left behind her many a beauteous trace

Of powers transcendant, ne'er to be forgot,

That time's unfriendly rust can ne'er efface.

Often shall glowing memory renew

The charm we felt, when thy fair magic hand

Its soft Creation from the Canvas drew,

Our wonder and applauses to command.

No, never can this breast th'impresion lose

Of those unerring lines, that tender grace,

Those soul-enchancing airs, thy lovely Muse

Bestow'd on every female form and face.

Ah !

Ah! did thy sex but feel the gentle fire,
 That warm'd thy fancy, and that fill'd thy heart!
 What transports would their beauty then inspire
 Above the highest reach of frigid art!

But not to Female beauty was confin'd
 Thy various Pencil. Far a larger field
 From Nature, Hist'ry, Poesy, thy Mind
 Delighted seiz'd, her Mimic Works to build.

Bright monuments of thy distinguish'd taste!
 And yet amid their wide diversity,
 One wanton posture, or one look unchaste,
 Ne'er hurt the pious, or the decent eye.

Without indignant scorn who can survey
 Perverted Genius lab'ring to inflame
 Th'unguarded sight, and poison to convey,
 With fatal force, through all the youthful frame?

Say,

Say, what avail the finest strokes of art,
 The richest col'ring, or the fairest face,
 If serving only to corrupt the heart ?
 The boasted toil they tend but to disgrace.

'Twas thy fix'd purpose Virtue still to draw,
 As Angels pure, in robes celestial drest ;
 A bold licentious age to strike with awe,
 Yet move with strong desire the modest breast.

Such diff'ring languages to speak, thy skill ;
 Thy power to wake each softly-warbling string ;
 With sweetest voice the raptur'd ear to thrill,
 And other pleasing talents, I might sing.

A higher theme shall crown my well-meant verse.
 Did I possess the Poet's noblest flame,
 Thy filial piety I would rehearse,
 And stamp with warmest praise the Daughter's name,

Whose mild affection, and whose anxious care.

To sooth a Parent's age, a Parent's pain,
Taught her the arduous lesson——ah, how rare !
Never to weary, never to complain !

LIFE:

L I F E :

AN ODE.^a

LIFE is a Trial all along !
 Its joys are transient as a song,
 That leaves the soul afresh to sigh
 For strains that please, but strains that die.
 Have warmest raptures fir'd your breast ?
 They often cause the more unrest.
 Have lighter pastimes sooth'd your mind ?
 A languid pause is left behind.
 Taste you repose ? Some anxious care
 Invades your peace, ere you're aware.
 Does business press ? You now lament,
 Your leisure was not better spent.

One

^a Written in gloomy weather.

One man possesses ample wealth :
 But then he groans for want of health ;
 Or else he lives in constant fear
 Of foul dishonour from his heir.
 A second, rais'd to highest rank,
 In power and state perceives a blank,
 Which flattery could ne'er supply,
 Nor all the pomp that strikes the eye :
 While he that stands on lower ground,
 To rest content is seldom found.
 The Court and Cottage both repine :
 The easiest is the middle line.

Another has acquir'd a name :
 His rivals join to blast his fame.
 Would you in quiet pass your days ?
 Th' officious still shall trouble raise.
 That poor man earn'd a little store,
 And sav'd and toil'd to make it more :
 He sav'd and toil'd without success ;
 A cruel neighbour made it less.

Perhaps from Books you seek delight :
 Still you must leave them when it is night
 And many a page you may turn o'er,
 Nor learn ~~one~~ useful truth the more.
 Does Company amuse your thoughts?
 When you relate, they count your faults.

Would you attach by doing good?
 How oft you meet ingratitude!
 You wish to gain the highest stake:
 Do good for God Almighty's sake.
 But be your motives e'er so pure;
 Reproach from Men you must endure.

Does true Religion cheer your breast
 With lively hopes of future rest?
 While she exalts your inward joys,
 You relish less earth's fleeting toys,
 To Crowns hereafter she will guide:
 Now for the Cross you must provide.

An arduous race you now must run :
By self-denial Heaven is won.

The finest passions of the soul
Require a constant strict controul.
Cares with the dearest objects blend :
From cares no state could e'er defend.
Grows your Child strong ? You take alarm,
Lest giddy, rash, he suffer harm.
Lies your Wife sick ? The more you love,
The more solicitude you prove.

Many live single. Still the worse !
Restless, expos'd, betray'd of course !
No partner soft, no tender friend,
Comfort, advice, or aid, to lend !

You will not plead for feeble Age :
Fond fancy shrinks from that dull stage.
Yet who would tread the journey o'er,
When safe arriv'd at cool Threescore ?

The heats are past——But winter comes,
 With rigours sharp, and thick'ning glooms.
 Should you outlive your early Friends,
 Will late ones, think you, make amends?

But may not Youth exemption claim?
 Its harmless sports I do not blame :
 Its harmless sports so brisk and gay !
 But then dry study damps its play.
 Nor yet is Youth secure from strife ;
 A little specimen of LIFE !
 I mention not its rising fires,
 Impatient humours, keen desires ;
 Its rage for mirth's eternal round,
 For pleasures, honours, without bound.
 What words can paint the dangerous snares
 That inexperience prepares ?

You boast of Kindred wise and true :
 Such, you must own, are wond'rous few.

The Worthy die : their death we mourn.
All, all is Trial in its turn !

But say, my soul ! dost thou do well,
On LIFE's dark side so long to dwell ?
Were it not better, happier far,
At once to quit the Gloom of care ?
The plaintive mood I feel to-day
A clearer Sky will chase away :
Each painful thought with Time shall cease,
And all thenceforth be lasting Peace !

ON

ANGLING WITHOUT SUCCESS:

AN ODE.

OF T have I try'd a tempting Stream,
In hope of sport: a golden dream!
For oft I strove with fruitless toil,
In eager haste I early rose:
My fittest fly and rod I chose,
The scaly rovers to beguile.

Each dimpled nook, each ruffled part,
I silent skim'd with nicest art:
Cautious they mock'd my utmost skill.
Again the breezy flood I swept:
Their lurking-holes its tenants kept:
'Twas cruel disappointment still.

Fretted and tir'd, I homeward turn'd;

But soon perceiv'd I idly mourn'd

An ill so very light and vain!

Of trifles thus in daily life,

From fond desire, and foolish strife,

Impatient mortals loud complain.

See how they swear, and plod, and plan,

Although their days be but a span,

For pleasures transient and poor!

Some little prey is all they hope,

Some fleeting good their highest scope

Nor that oft-times they can insure

He only is the Angler wise,

That seeks intent a worthier prize,

The heart-approving smile of Heav'n!

His nobler care Success shall crown,

With everlasting joys unknown;

Meantime a soul serene is giv'n!

S L E E P:

AN ELEGY.

THOU sweet Restorer of the wearied frame !
 Nightly revisit my too wakeful bed :
 Kindly repair the waste of Nature's flame,
 And pour thy soothing influence round my head.

 If grief deep-felt should drive thee far away,
 With patience let me wait till Heav'n console.
 Then God himself will deign to be my stay,
 And all the anguish of my mind controul.

 Sure, sorrow never pierc'd that hardy breast,
 Which never knew the loss of thee, O SLEEP !
 Is the soul sad ? Farewell to balmy rest.
 True mourners many a tedious vigil keep.

When

When robb'd of thy dear presence, gentle **SLEEP**,
 I sigh, and long to find some soft repose.—
 How diff'rent yet my state from theirs that weep
 In night eternal, mid heart-rending woes !

To them no blessed beam of hope remains ;
 To them the cheering day shall ne'er return.
 What, what are all my little griefs or pains,
 To theirs, in outer darkness doom'd to mourn ?

Oh, save me, great Creator, from the fear
 Of banishment from Thee in that dire place :
 Whate'er of evil may betide me here
 I can support, till call'd to see thy face :

Thy beatific face, whose gracious smile
 Creates unceasing light in worlds above ;
 With health unfading, free from care and toil ;
 Where **SLEEP** gives place to heav'nly joy and love !

W. W. ESQ.

ON HEARING HIM LAUGH:

AN EPISTLE.

BLIND FIELDING from the Prisoner's Voice could

tell,

If under sentence of the law he fell.^a

From studied laughter may be clearly seen,

The man who puts it on is not serene.

Yes, Sir, there is a laugh assum'd by art,

While sorrow lies corroding at the heart.

There

^a The late SIR JOHN FIELDING assured the Author, that by long experience he could readily discover, from something in their Voices during examination, when the Culprits that came before him were guilty; and that he had not for many years been mistaken in his conclusions.

There is a laugh, which folly too betrays ;
 A titter, that mere vacancy displays.
 Mark next that pretty simper, aim'd to catch
 Male notice, and procure a golden match.
 Then there's a cunning leer, the thoughts to veil,
 While in the breast the blackest passions dwell.
 All know th'unceasing grin, that flatters all
 Within the palace, and within the hall.
 I've heard the roar obstrep'rous, loud, and coarse,
 That stuns your ears ; fit only for a horse !
 And I have heard the laugh that cries, O, brave !
 When Rank vouchsafes to joke ; fit for a slave !
 Fair is the ridicule which Nature meant,
 To check vain nonsense by deserv'd contempt ;
 But vile the laugh malign, the cruel sneer,
 That would o'erwhelm meek Modesty with fear !
 Give me, my Friend, your cordial laugh ! It shows,
 That social gladness in the bosom glows.
 Poor CHESTERFIELD ! I pity thy cold rules :
 I leave them to the choice of polish'd fools.

Such

Such never knew perhaps a joy sincere,
Nor felt the sweetness of a tender tear.

“ There is a time to laugh,” says Holy Writ.

To contradict the maxim is not wit,

But affectation of superior sense.

To act with Nature is true excellence;

The Preacher of the Ton taught only smooth pre-
tence.

TO

G. C. ESQ.

ON HIS WRITING DOGGREL:

AN EPISTLE.

YOUR Doggrel, my Friend, I must frankly declare,
 I never could read, and preserve a grave air.
 But pray, be not angry; I mean no offence:
 A good-natur'd laugh all prefer to dull sense.
 Nor, Sir, would your Doggrel such merriment raise,
 Without those smart turns, and that archness of phrase.
 Both sense and absurdity still must have zest,
 To give them a flavour, and heighten the jest.
 If, rashly renouncing rough Doggrel's droll ways,
 You deviate to sentiment, elegance, grace,
 Be assur'd, Sir, that then is an end of the fun:
 And this, which was cruel, by you has been done.

In

In the name of Good-humour, with your hobby proceed:
It never will hinder one laudable deed.

For me, I abominate regular verse,
If possess'd of no spirit: sure, nothing is worse.

And would you believe it?—The smoothest may flow
From some who ne'er yet to a Goose could say, Boh!

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A-MAN OF LIVELY BUT UNEQUAL SPIRITS
IN CONVERSATION:

AN EPISTLE.

A FLARING light fatigues and hurts the eye:

In lifeless shade we nothing can descry.

Avoid Extremes: an universal rule!

Though rarely understood by any fool.

Incessant laughers weary me: but then,

I tire alike of dull and gloomy men.

Your gloomy men, who frown at harmless glee,

Were never made, my Friend, for you or me.

Yet still 'twere better to be sometimes dull,

Than of smart things to seem for ever full.

A clever fellow!——He who courts that name,

Of solid sense will scarce insure the fame.

Good-humour, ease, and just remark between,

In Conversation form the happy Mean.

ON

O N J E S T I N G :

AN EPIGRAM.

AMONG the follies that discourse infest,
 I count the passion for perpetual Jest.
 Grant the Jest good : his judgement were not nice,
 Who still should load your plate with Salt and Spice.

O N T W O N E I G H B O U R S ,

W H O D I E D A T T H E S A M E T I M E :

AN EPIGRAM.

"MY Neighbour THORNTON cannot live a day,"
 Cried honest JONES, then in a deep decay.
 "JONES cannot live a day," cried THORNTON, broke
 With cruel gout, though still he lov'd a joke.
 To think himself might die each one was loth :
 Before the day expir'd, Death seiz'd them both.

IMAGINARY

IMAGINARY EVILS:

AN ODE.

WHEN wayward Fancy waves her wand
 In deep'ning gloom, at once a band
 Of Demons starts to fight!
 Let Reason, with his powerful rod,
 Oppose them in the name of God:
 The band is put to flight:

The gloom is clear'd; and Angels fair
 With heav'nly radiance fill the air;
 Till all is gladness round:
 Creation smiles, the bosom glows;
 The bosom late with terror froze!
 The skies with joy resound.

Let conscious Vice herself torment,
With all her gains still discontent.

It is but just and right,
That She, the foe of God and Man,
Be doom'd, in Heav'n's eternal plan,
To anguish and despite.

But let not Innocence complain,
From self-created fear or pain :

'Tis causeless, weak, and wrong!
Sure, Innocence, that seeks to please
By doing well, should rest at ease,
In home-felt Virtue strong.

Say, is there not in human life,
Enough of ill, enough of strife,

Inevitably sure ;
That thou shouldst study to beget
New forms of grief, and vain regret
Shouldst wantonly endure?

If Clamour strive to break thy rest,
 Repose on Friendship's faithful breast,
 That whispers better things.

If Envy his with all her snakes,
 He that true honour ne'er forsakes
 May pity flatter'd kings.

If sharp distemper press to-day,
 Relief may not be far away :
 Wish'd health may soon return.

Still hope the best : Hope brightens all,
 When ev'n the darkest scenes befall,
 And Virtue's self must mourn.

She mourns, 'tis true, but yet sustains,
 Resign'd and mild, her destin'd pains;

Nor does inflame their rage
 By sick Imagination's throes,
 That double, treble, all our woes,
 And hasten languid age.

In languid age, let me enjoy
 Its short-liv'd ease, without annoy
 From recollected cares.
 And surely nought that can await
 Unseen, in this so transient state,
 Should discompose my prayers.

But he is dead, who long was dear !
 His death demands a tender tear.

Yet I'm not left alone.
 Friends firm and true remain behind.
 To him my heart was not confin'd :
 For him why always-moan ?

Escap'd from this tempestuous sea,
 His raptur'd Spirit wing'd her way

To yon delightful shore !
 A few short days elaps'd, we meet :
 His raptur'd Spirit fond I greet,
 Nor fear the parting more.

Perhaps high affluence is denied,
 And you repine from boundless pride :
 You sigh for pomp and show.
 What you possess you cannot taste :
 While wants fantastic tear your breast,
 You real good forego.

Behold this glorious Universe !
 Each needless care will quick disperse,
 When you recall His love,
 Who form'd at first the mighty Whole,
 And governs all with wise controul,
 His goodness chief to prove !

Unthankful, mid substantial joys,
 To make ideal woe your choice,
 And fret against your lot !
 Shall nameless blessings round you swarm,
 With constant gratitude to charm,
 And are they all forgot ?

Factitious Mis'ry, get thee hence,
 Thou enemy to common sense,
 To duty wholly blind !
 Go, live with fools, and feed their spleen !
 Away ; thou shalt not come within
 The fortress of my mind.

Sweet Cheerfulness, thou smiling form !
 Attend me still in ev'ry storm,
 That would o'erthrow my peace.
 And, blest Religion, grant me power
 Serene to live the present hour,
 And Heav'n at last to seize !

TO
S L A N D E R :

A N O D E.

DETESTED SLANDER, Imp of Hell,
Whose restless malice nought can quell;
To whose inexorable rage
Heav'n's darling Son a victim fell;
Thou foe to worth in ev'ry age;
Thou blot on man through Hist'ry's page;
Thy Birth, Face, Character, I will display;
Though half thy native horrors none can e'er pourtray.

L 4

TH'ACCUSER

TH'ACCUSER OF THE BRETHREN was thy Sire,
 Condemn'd by wrath divine to penal fire.
 In thee his fearful visage I descry,
 His clouded forehead, and his furious eye,
 His big-swol'n nostril, and his serpent's tongue,
 Hissing through teeth that gnash, and twisted mouth,
 That speaks his soul bereft of peace and truth,
 And all with anguish, pride, and pining envy stung.

FALSEHOOD, thy Mother, early thee produc'd.
 By her smooth tale the First Man was abus'd,
 To disbelieve his Maker's threat,
 Befool'd with sceptical debate.
 And still his blinded offspring she betrays,
 And trains them on through Error's winding
 ways,
 A gloomy, wild, inextricable maze;
 Till lost at length she leaves them to deep-felt
 regret.

With

With thee thy sister CUNNING was brought forth,
To circumvent th'inhabitants of earth.

Twin-fiends, whose forces are together join'd,
One to traduce, and one to dupe mankind !

Both I abhor, but chief the last.

Unaided You would miss your aim.

'Tis CUNNING teaches you to blast,
Or, cow'rd-like, in the dark t'assault fair Virtue's fame,

Your hideous aspect to conceal,

You oft put on the mask of Zeal ;

In worst designs with solemn look partake,
And persecute God's servants for God's sake.

Like hollow Pharisee, you pray,

And plot, and lie, and rail, all day ;

Nor sleep at night for eagerness to plan,
How best you may asperse and plague the righteous
man.

Or

Or you assume the Patriot's honour'd name,
 For public good profess the purest flame,
 In Senates, and in Taverns, fiercely bawl ;
 Perhaps with specious eloquence declaim ;
 Men out of place, great, honest, firm, you call ;
 While men in power you labour to expose,
 As tools of Courts, and Freedom's pension'd foes ;
 From them the Nation's ruin still forebode ;
 And them with blackest crimes against the State you
 load.

Or yet, the better to attain your end,
 You smile, and vow, and feign the fervent Friend,
 With sweetest words, and softest airs ;
 But slyly watch the guileless heart,
 In hours of confidence and joy,
 When frank each feeling it declares,
 And spurns away each thought of art ;
 That thence its future ease you may annoy,
 And under Friendship's pleasing mien more sure
 destroy.

Virtue, be strong, and learn thyself to know :
Assert thy rank, and influence below.

Thy vict'ries SLANDER cannot bear :

Thy triumphs strike his breast with fear :

They flash upon his jaundic'd eyes.

Sullen he skulks behind, and sighs.

Glad would he drown the trump of Fame,

That seeks thy merit to proclaim :

But thou, with conscious rectitude well arm'd,
Disdain by SLANDER's loudest noise to be alarm'd.

What though his fury still the Good assail ?

Among the Wise he cannot long prevail.

What though the vulgar herd he oft mislead ?

Their voice could ne'er confer true Honour's meed.

I grant, 'twas SLANDER rear'd the Cross :

But there our Lord despis'd the shame,

And gain'd himself a higher Name ;

There too repair'd our heavy loss :

Our foes he conquer'd when he died.

Was excellence so pure thus tried,

Divine

Divine Deliv'rer ! and shall we complain,
 When that foul Demon casts on us a stain,
 On us of dust, alas ! the children frail,
 Shall we impatient fret, and our light trial wail ?

Go, SLANDER : thy attempts are vain :
 Vain is thy spiteful, wretched art :
 Back on thyself recoils the pain
 To better minds thou wouldst impart.
 Be bold, ye men of upright heart !
 Defy the darts against you thrown ;
 Of fools neglect the empty frown.
 All these shall quickly pass away.
 Hope points to an immortal day.
 Virtue mean time will break through ev'ry shade,
 From thence with growing lustre be display'd,
 And in full glory shine at last array'd ;
 When SLANDER, suffer'd now to range the world,
 Into yon burning lake shall be for ever hurl'd.

GENERAL FAME:

AN ODE.

DECEITFUL phantom, GEN'RAL FAME!

Where dwells he that has gain'd a Name

For ev'ry gift or grace?

Where lives the Worth discern'd by all?

Grant yours well known : the number's small

That pays it honest praise.

Has Nature form'd superior minds,

Where genius bright with skill combines,

Each sounder judge to charm?

Still Folly shall dispute their claim :

Still Envy is resolv'd to blame ;

And Dulness nought can warm.

Are

Are qualities transcendant giv'n
 For public good, by gracious Heav'n ?
 Yet, rising pride to quell,
 Some shade or flaw too oft attends,
 Some mean or guilty passion blends :
 The strongest are but frail.

The Sun himself dark spots displays,
 To soften his o'erpowering rays,
 And spare the aching eye.
 A perfect Mortal would depress,
 By too much lustre, human race :
 Discourag'd Hope would die.

But figure Innocence complete,
 Whate'er is good, whate'er is great.
 It could not yet secure
 From Rancour's fell determin'd dart.
 Seek then a self-approving heart.
 What cannot that endure ?

Have Virtue's vot'ries oft sustain'd
Unjust reproach, and still remain'd
Unshaken and serene?

Then blush to let your spirit down,
When Ignorance or Vice shall frown,
Or scoff at upright men.

To me indiff'rent ev'n the shout
Rais'd by a loud unthinking rout,
The Flatt'ers of a day!

Give me discriminating praise,
Or none: I scorn the noisy blaze,
Vain, short, that fumes away.

But few regard Truth's sacred voice:
Fools praise at random, not with choice.

Saw ye yon pageant pass?
By chance it caught the vulgar's sight:
The vulgar gap'd with keen delight,
Like children at a glass.

Another

Another pageant quick succeeds :
 The staring crowd this only heeds ;
 Till this has vanish'd too :
 And then a third, till all are gone,
 And ev'ry thought impatient flown,
 To find out something new.

Alas ! it hurts my soul to see,
 How few retain the memory
 Of those they late admir'd ;
 How soon, when Fate has clos'd the scene,
 The Dead seem as they ne'er had been
 Applauded or desir'd !

Was it for this they sought your love ?
 Was it for this they joy'd to prove
 Their constancy and zeal ?
 They fondly hop'd, that in your breast
 Their cherish'd image still might rest ;
 That you would surely feel ;

Would

Would surely show a kind regret,
That you would never them forget——

Oh, shame of selfish hearts!

Oh fools, that pant for GEN'RAL FAME,
That drudge to earn an empty name,
By endless painful arts!

He only is the happy man,
Who, acting on a higher plan,
Preserves his conscience clear.

Sweet Peace rewards his pious toils;
Assenting Heav'n looks down with smiles;
And to the good he's dear.

M

FUTURE

FUTURE FAME:

AN ODE.

SAY, ye who plot and toil to earn a name,
 And lose your present peace for FUTURE FAME,
 That cannot touch the senseless grave,
 Nor sooth the great, the learn'd, the brave;
 Whose dust, to dark oblivion left,
 And now of ev'ry joy bereft,
 Shall hear no more the voice of praise,
 Till the last trump the dead shall raise!
 Say, why this idle waste of life and thought,
 To purchase sounds so vain, although so dearly
 bought?

Ah me ! what countless myriads lie entomb'd,
 To deep forgetfulness for ever doom'd,
 Who once adorn'd Life's active stage,
 Who shone the wonders of their age,
 And hop'd posterity to charm,
 By their achievements to disarm
 Time's ruthless all-opposing force,
 And give their Fame an endless course !

No more, alas ! are heard the high acclaims,
 That promis'd to transmit the glory of their names.

Those very Names have long on earth been lost :
 In solemn silence sunk their loudest boast !

Soon were their gaudy ensigns torn ;

Soon were their gilded scutcheons worn :

Their marble monuments no more

Are seen, to tell they liv'd before :

All, all is vanish'd like a dream.

Yet Pride still hopes to be the theme

Of praise unwearied to the wond'ring world ;

Nor fears to be forgot, when from its confines hurl'd !

While you are acting your allotted part,
 Well-tim'd applause, no doubt, will cheer the heart,
 Your languid powers demand such aid :
 Without it Virtue soon would fade.
 Virtue, alas ! is weak at best,
 And slight her hold upon the breast.
 Self-love could ne'er content the Mind :
 She seeks the sanction of her kind.

But when Heav'n's awful verdict once is past,
 What can avail to her FAME's fondest, loudest blast ?

Or grant its notes could pierce the ear of Death;
 They could not yet restore the vital breath,
 Or call forth Pleasure in the tomb,
 Or change or fix your final doom.
 The world's joint plaudit still were vain :
 Each soul would in the place remain,
 Assign'd her by the Judge supreme,
 Whose approbation, or whose blame,
 Must stamp the colour of her fate,
 In that untried, unseen, and dread eternal state.

But has not God, in his unerring Word,
 To righteous men held up the just reward
 Of ever-fragrant mem'ry, fair
 As ointment that perfumes the air ;
 When names by Vice defil'd shall rot,
 And all their flatt'ers be forgot ;
 When false Ambition shall be curst,
 And ill-got Wealth's insatiate thirst ?
 'Tis true; nor shall the faithful promise fail,
 While sovereign Rectitude and Power o'er all prevail,

But take the sober sense of Holy Writ :
 To gen'ral rules allow exceptions fit.
 Since Worth obscure few eyes have seen,
 Few tongues can speak where it has been.
 Fresh objects draw the greedy sight,
 In quest of ever-fresh delight :
 And Arts and Arms chief strike the soul,
 That has not felt the high controul
 Of Wisdom leading to celestial bliss ;
 Nor knows, that she alone can save from the Abyss.

But still true goodness lives in every heart,
Where once its rays their lustre did impart.

Each candid spirit tells how rare,
How lovely, all its graces were.

Oft too some fervent pen proclaims
The praises of excelling names;
And sends them down the stream of time,
By splendid Prose, or glowing Rhyme.

But chief, what honour'd Saints of ancient days,
Stand full-display'd in Scripture's everlasting blaze!

Hail ! Truth and Virtue : Hail ! ye glorious Pair
Whose triumphs Heav'n and Earth aloud declare.

Your light survives life's latest hour,
And baffles Envy's fiercest power.

Ye teach th'aspiring soul to aim
At that sublime immortal Fame,
Which flows from God's approving voice,
Amid Seraphic symphonies !

If I may win at last your radiant crown,
I can forego the fading echoes of Renown.

ADVER

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author is not ignorant of the objections which have been urged against a close imitation of SPENSER. But being still of opinion, that there is in his manner, taken all together, an air of Nature and Simplicity, united with a flow and a compass of Numbers, not often to be found elsewhere, he was willing to try whether he could attain a small portion of these in the two following Poems, by aiming, however faintly, at some resemblance of that admirable Author.

THE FEVER:
AN ALLEGORICAL POEM,*
IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

A Wizard fierce, THE FEVER call'd,
Doth oft mankind assail ;
Whereby their courage is appall'd,
If o'er them he prevail.

I.

FORTH from his gorgeous chambers in the east,
Th'unwearied Sun hath sped his annual way,
Rejoicing in his strength, ^ane ever ceas'd,
With measur'd step to usher in the day,
Since that whereon I met a sore ^bassay,
From a Magician ^cdrear of ^dmickle might,
Who on my flesh his Rod did heavy lay,
That under it I trembled many a night.

Save me, sweet Heaven ! from that dread Power,
THE FEVER ^ehight.

* Begun just a year after the Author had recovered from
a dangerous Fever. ^anor. ^battack, assault.
^cdismal. ^dmuch, great. ^enamed.

II.

Ah! who can stand before his strong controul?
 Ah! who can paint his hideous haggard look?
 His flaming ^feyne now wildly glare and roll,
 Now languid sink, as life had them forsook:
 His arms now drop, as though with palsy strook;
 Anon are restless, tossing all around:
^sEftsoons he creeps into a little nook;
 And now his head is rack'd with sudden ^hstound.
 Nathless he still hath force to fell you to the ground.

III.

Of all the woes that harass this frail life,
 None peradventure can us worse annoy,
 Than that malignant Wizard's baleful strife.
 At once, alas! he kills the seeds of joy,
 And ^keke our gust of pleasure doth destroy:
 Then, oh! how ling'ring oft the conflict dire!
 What cares, what arts, what drugs we must employ,
 To quench by slow degrees the dangerous fire,
 Till all its hidden embers shall at last expire!

The

^feyes. ^s in a short time. ^h a violent pain.
 nevertheless. ^kalso.

IV.

The self-same day that saw my mis'ry near,
 I smil'd 'unweeting in the bower of ease :
 Apparent symptom none, ne any fear,
 When silent on me stole the sly Disease,
 And all my blood with shiv'ring cold did seize.
 How ignorant and fond the human mind,
 That eager listens to the song of Peace !
 To enemies at hand unheeding, blind ;
 Till war and desolation wide rush in behind !

V.

The frozen current strait I sought to thaw,
 And kindly warmth restore, but sought in vain.
 More near the blazing hearth I strove to draw ;
 Yet long the chilly horror did remain.
 And now to give variety of pain,
 The Demon wreaks his wrath another way.
 Of wrath so fell 'twas fruitless to complain.
 Of hope he labour'd to shut out each ray,
 And seem'd all bent to overwhelm me with dismay.

A burning

'unknowing.

VI.

A burning heat intense rose in the place
 Of that deep shuddering which shook my frame.
 My head, my hands, my feet, my kindling face,
 Were lighted all into one general flame,
 That spreading mischief did too clear proclaim.
 Then thirst unquenchable consum'd my soul :
 Nor mid the host of foes that onward came,
 Was one that Patience e'er could less controul;
 While total loss of sleep conspir'd to crown the whole.

VII.

O Sleep ! of mortal life thou sweetest balm !
 Of all those sharp distresses let me taste,
 Rather than be bereft of thy dear calm.
 Spight of them all, methinks, I could be blest ;
 Or still some transient ease ^mmote be posselt.
 The aching joints, parch'd tongue, and throbbing
 head,
 By gentle slumbers mote be rock'd to rest.
 But when thy lenient visits long are fled,
 Our fairest hope of help is finally strook dead.
^mmight.

VIII.

Soft soothing Sleep ! how vainly they do talk,
 Who never left by Thee can yet complain !
 O childish mis'ry ! Let them once but walk
 To yon hard bed of sickness, and of pain,
 Where that meek sufferer murmur doth restrain,
 Whose eyes for nights and days do never close,
 Whose mind ^{un}neath can Reason's power retain,
 Whose pulse, whose nerves, have tasted no repose !
 And will They idly whine, that live to dress and doze ?

IX.

Ah ! who shall hush the tempest of the brain ?
 What voice shall say t'impetuous Thoughts,
 " Be still !"
 Who can controul that pulse, appease that pain,
 Or raise the strength, and eke with courage fill,
 When cruel Sorc'rer loudly threats to kill ?
 Ah ! who shall aid th'afflicted man to shun
 The horrid spectres that his soul would stun,
 When Reason's scatter'd forces wild and madd'ning
 run ?

Behold

hardly.

X.

Behold yon Orator, by all admir'd;
 A learned, wise, and well-accomplish'd wight !
 Where now, alas ! the gifts that him inspir'd,
 And rapt his wond'ring audience with delight ?
 The Wizard, sure, hath dash'd him in despight ;
 From that odrad Power affrighted Fancy flies :
 Each splendid ray of thought is plung'd in night ;
 And ev'ry boasted talent buried lies.
 'Tis Piety alone, believe me, never dies.

XI.

Ye sons of pride ! see ye that Bed of State !
 'Therein survey a rich, great, flatter'd thing,
 Sunk and emaciated ; nor, as of late,
 'Bedight with staff, or star, and filken string ;
 Or caught with incense vain that courtiers bring.
 What now are these ? Poor, empty, sick'ning toys !
 Present them now ! Away he would them fling :
 Far other thought his chasten'd soul employs.
 'Tis Truth and Virtue only can give lasting joys !

• formidable.

• adorned.

XII.

Turn, thou poor Muckworm ! crawling in the earth,
 And note that Grub within his murky bed.
 Vaunts he, as ^{erst} the thousands he is worth ?
 Oh no ! For why ? THE FEVER rends his head ;
 And there, in 'sooth, he lies as he were dead.
 To purchase present ease, what ^{would} he pay ?
 His darling gold, which he preferr'd to bread,
 For life he now would fling it all away ;
 To die outright distracts him with such dire dismay !

XIII.

Ye 'lofel ^{Fry}, whose ^{lust}hed is worn
 In weary, wand'ring ways of sin and shame !
 Of such false ^{pleasaunce} mark the rankling thorn !
 Hear how that Youth those ways doth loud condemn.
 Disease and Conscience him alike enflame :
 His flesh ^{ymolten} by intemp'rate fire !
 To feed his passions seem'd his only aim :
 His soul devoured was with fierce desire :
 And now all unprepar'd he's doomed to expire !

^{formerly.} ^{truth.} ^{would not.} ^{loose, wanton.}
^{young people, in} ^{contempt.} ^{strength.} ^{pleasure.}
^{melted.}

XIV.

Daughter of Vanity! thou flutt'rer gay,
 'Prankt in thy costly robe, with sweeping train,
 While smiles and dimples in thy cheeks do play;
 Visit yon dreary, darken'd couch of pain.
 Where now the Beauty it did late contain,
 The rosy lip, sweet bloom, and sparkling eye?
 What graces cannot sickness deep^b distain?
 Go home, thou gaudy, painted butterfly!
 Put off thy 'gaudes, and pause, and learn humility.

XV.

O blessed son of Esculapian Art,
 That knows what philters lure the charmer, Sleep!
 Who would not envy him that can impart
 Relief and rest to them who wake and weep;
 That knows in soft oblivion how to sleep
 Each weary sense, and steal away each pain?
 'Certes, the highest pleasure he must reap:
 Certes, his praise demands the loudest strain;
 Ne doth this spacious earth a fairer boon contain.

^a dressed to ostentation. ^b to sully, to deface. ^c ornaments, fine things. ^d certainly.

XVI.

By what rare skill the curst Magician's rage
 May vanquish'd be, whene'er he doth assail,
 And how to spy his wiles though ev'ry stage,
 And snatch at last his Rod, and break his spell,
 It were a joy sincere for me to tell.
 But 'twere a joy supreme, had I the lore,
 THE FEVER in the sin-sick soul to quell,
 And ghostly health, and heavenly strength restore.
 Divine employment! Divinest, happiest power!

XVII.

Adored be the all-directing hand,
 That when in deep distress full low I lay,
 Skill and Affection near my bed did stand,
 And strive my 'dole to banish far away.
 Whiles yet th'oppressive Influence would stay,
 They labour'd sinking Nature to sustain.
 Through night's dark watches, and succeeding day,
 To ease a Brother's and a Husband's pain,
 Self was forgot: none could their fervent zeal
 restrain.
 "pain, affliction."

XVIII.

But, O thou Fountain of o'erflowing good !
 What had avail'd their gentleness and love,
 Or yet the means of health so long pursued,
 Without thy benediction from above ?
 From thence alone the soul doth comfort prove ;
 From thence alone can holy peace 'outwell,
 And anxious doubts and ghastly fears remove,
 And give the mind in secret calm to dwell.
 Blest calm, that sublunary joys doth far excel !

XIX.

Nature's bright spectacle I then might view.
 The glorious Sun into my chamber shone :
 The verdant trees and plants before me grew :
 But all their power to bring delight was gone :
 For sickness still would sigh, and pain would groan,
 That nought could cheer but gladness in the heart ;
 True gladness unsubdu'd by heaviest moan,
 If God to you his sov'reign grace impart,
 Ne in your greatest need shall ever you desert !

N

Fain

flow, as from a living spring.

XX.

Fain would the Sorcerer have me oppress'd.
 My Fantasy he forc'd into a Cave,
 Where, crowding close around my stifled breast,
 Mummings, old hags, and jugglers, seem'd to rave;
 Mutt'ring sometimes, then offering me to brave,
 And quite discomfit by their taunting scorn;
 Whilst I, with firm rebuke, and aspect grave,
 Did on their solemn fool'ries often turn,
 And eke their strong delusion most sincerely mourn.

XXI.

What now appear'd to me surpassing strange;
 When I essay'd mine eyes to open wide,
 The visionary scene at once would change;
 In quiet as before I did abide,
 With lighted taper twinkling by my side.
 Anon my heavy lids again would close:
 Anon the wretched ^sSprights would aye deride.
 Nature ^hforespent did still sink down, and doze.
 And thus it will befall, when she cannot oppose.

But

^s spirits, shades, apparitions, ^h tired, worn out.

XXII.

But soon o'erruling Reason seiz'd the rein,
 And all the gloomy Crew quick put to flight,
 That now my soul did settled rest regain,
 And prove no more sick Fancy's piteous plight.
 Oh ! hapless men, that banish'd are the light
 Of Evangelic day, dark shades among !
 Father of Heaven ! illume their mental sight :
 Teach them "the things that to their peace belong ;"
 And may they gladsome join in sweet Religion's song.

XXIII.

ⁱForefend that ever I should cease to sing,
 With grateful transports, undissembled praise,
 To my Almighty and most gracious King,
 Who from the bed of weakness me did raise,
 To do him homage in my latter days.
 Let but my suff'rings purify this breast,
 And purge and brighten Virtue's dimmer rays,
 That I may find the Everlasting Rest,
 Where Virtue all unmixt 'mong Angels stands con-
 fess'd.

N 2

Nor

ⁱ forbid.

XXIV.

Nor will I e'er forget what I do owe
To Him who died upon the Cross for me,
To save my soul from sin, and death, and woe,
And ope the gates of blest Eternity ;
When the triumphant Mind, from earth set free,
From error, frailty, folly, rapt shall soar,
Unclogg'd by flesh, and all its misery ;
Divine Perfection ever to adore,
Nor Pain, nor Sickness sad to suffer any more !

THE

THE PHYSIOGNOMIST:
 A DESCRIPTIVE POEM,
 IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

There liv'd a Wizard, old and wan,
 Phys'ognomist ⁱyclep'd,
 Long wont to spy the thoughts of man:
 They seldom him escap'd.

I.

'T IS not for me to know, yet less ^kdepaint
 The Soul, and all her passions to unveil;
 My days mid musty books now long ⁱyspent,
 My life sequester'd in a lonely Cell!
 I much desir'd in social scenes to dwell:
 But sickness, toil, and pain, me drove away,
 To drink the freshness of the hill and dale,
 On heaths, in lawns, and silent groves to stray,
 And now and then with prattling children fond to play.

N 3

But

ⁱ named. ^k to picture. ⁱ past.

II.

But ^merft I fell into a Public Walk,
 Where penfive, grave, and odd, I ftroll'd along.
 There did I fee ten thousand figures stalk ;
 While I was loft amid the motley throng,
 Unheeding where I was, or whom among :
 Till fuddenly aroused by a Wight
 Unlike the reft, as though by chaunce there flung.
 Earneft he ⁿkeft on me his prying fight.
 Surpris'd, appall'd, at firft I thought to take my flight.

III.

^oNathlefs, his meagre form, and fearching look,
 Awak'd me to attention in my turn.
 I felt as if with him I then partook :
 He feem'd as if dispos'd mankind to mourn.
 In ^pfooth, their lot doth oft appear forlorn.
 But though eftfoons I learnt, he hated vice,
 And cunning from his heart would ever fpuen,
 He aye with ardour lov'd the good and wife,
 And all his foul did in their happinefs rejoice.

In

^m once. ⁿ caft. ^o nevertheless. ^p truth.

IV.

In brief, some sympathetic power me bound:
 By him I sat me down beneath a tree,
 And begg'd to know, what mortal I had found,
 Whose Guise and Visage so engaged me?
 He answer'd kind, "In you, I clearly see,
 " Your soul is ¹molten with a fervent flame:
 " You long from sin to set your fellows free:
 " And ²certes, there is cause I feel the same:
 " Much cause I hourly find.—PHYS'OGNOMIST my
 " name!"

V.

I ask'd, what motive brought him to that crowd,
 Whence he divin'd the cares that fill'd my breast,
 How he could bide a multitude so loud,
 And why he did not 'scape from such unrest?
 He said, his heart right early was impress'd
 With eager zeal to read the inmost Mind;
 That all occasions long he had embrac'd
 To scan its thoughts; and still he was inclin'd
 To share the joys and sorrows of his native kind.

N 4

Like

¹ manner, appearance. ² melted. ³ surely.

VI.

Like to the Limner's eye by Nature made
 To catch her boldest lines, his too was taught
 To seize her Moral Features, when survey'd
 By quick instinctive glance with feeling fraught.
 And 'tals by constant study he had sought
 To point with truest aim that mental ray.
 Ne yet he deem'd such skill too dearly bought,
 'Though what he saw would oft times cause dismay :
 But chief on fairest views his charmed sight would stay.

VII.

I then rejoin'd, " O tell me, Sir, the source,
 " From whence you draw those notices so clear.
 " Tell me, I pray you, by what hidden force
 " Into the secret soul you look so near,
 " Deeply contemplating her inmost sphere ;
 " And measuring exact the Human Face,
 " Whereon your wond'rous system firm you rear,
 " The various Characters of men to trace,
 " Distain'd by sin, or bright array'd in heav'nly grace.

He

' also.

VIII.

He mild replied, " The Power that made the heart,
 " And all its divers feelings first infus'd,
 " The Outward Frame did mould with answ'ring
 " art ;
 " So that unless by practice vile abus'd,
 " To show th'Inside it seldom hath refus'd.
 " The Passions early print a sev'ral Line
 " On ev'ry Form : each Line I have perus'd.
 " Those Passions it reveals without design ;
 " Nor oft I them mistake, though subtile oft, and fine.

IX.

" Sometimes, I grant, this world's disguising wiles
 " Shall the true mintage of the Mind efface :
 " And eke sometimes fair Virtue's strenuous toils
 " Shall evil thoughts, and wrong desires, repress ;
 " And though the Stamp there left we yet may trace,
 " Her triumph happily our eye deceives.
 " But Vice can rarely hide her just disgrace ;
 " Though that it is not known the fool believes.
 " And from her flatterers applauses gross receives.

" 'Tis

X.

" 'Tis said by those unskill'd in Nature's lore,
 " The Face is a false glass, however "heen:
 " Though men have told us otherwise of yore,
 " And numbers since, the soul is seldom seen.
 " A vulgar error! *Sicker, in the Eyne
 " She sits as in her windows to descry
 " Each thing around: and there, I truly yween,
 " Her and her ways we often may espy,
 " Unless we unconcern'd and heedless zpassen by.

XI.

" Nor to her Windows is the Soul confin'd;
 " To all the Mansion she extends her care,
 " To serve her purposes therewith combin'd,
 " Her laws through all she fails not to declare.
 " The Mouth, the Voice, the Ears, she doth not
 " spare
 " To form: the Head and Feet obey her will.
 " Their motions all to her lye ever bare:
 " Her universal energy they feel;
 " Nor dare they her commands to cross, or oft conceal.
 " The
 " clear, bright. *surely. y think. z pass.

XII.

" The Painter's and the Statuary's Art,
 " Built on this deep-laid ground, doth chiefly aim
 " To mark the Plastic Mind in ev'ry part.
 " On this alone she seeks to raise a name.
 " And eke from this the Poet draws his fame.
 " On this broad basis rests the Actor's skill,
 " All, all, its truth and consequence proclaim :
 " That Ruling Power within t'exhibit still,
 " All, all, this highest purpose labour to fulfill.

XIII.

" But why to Art or Study here resort ?
 " Phys'ognomy is felt by ev'ry breast.
 " Who hath not heard the rustic swain report
 " Th'effect spontaneous on his heart impress'd,
 " When natively its feelings he confess'd,
 " Although he could not tell from whence they
 " flow'd ?
 " His simple mind in simple phrase was dress'd ;
 " That Moll he lov'd, and for his wife had woo'd,
 " Because that, to his thinking, Moll look'd sweet
 " and good.

" To

XIV.

" To Animals themselves hath Nature giv'n
 " A meaning countenance that shadows forth
 " Their special tendencies ? And yet would Heav'n
 " Deny to Man, the Lord of all on earth,
 " To man whose mind from Heav'n deriv'd its birth
 " A speaking ^aPhys'nom^y that mote ^bareed
 " To each observant eye his inward worth,
 " Or else his baseness ? No ! it was decreed,
 " That Wisdom still unerring should in all proceed.

XV.

" The very sooth to say, imperial Man
 " Is oft times character'd by semblance strong
 " To Birds and Beasts ; as if his Maker's plan,
 " In Features visible their race among,
 " Were to restrain his conscious Soul from wrong
 " Left shameful guise of vilest Brutes should prove,
 " That to their lowest ranks she doth belong,
 " In place of striving, by celestial love,
 " To look like glorious Spirits the bright stars above.

^a physiognomy. ^b tell.

" Let

XVI.

" Let us, my Friend, those Strangers now survey
 " That close by where we rest unweeting sweep,
 " In slow succession : though they pass away,
 " Yet lasting information we may reap.
 " In public scenes the mind is not asleep.
 " 'Tis there the passions chiefly are awake :
 " Things transient there oft leave impression deep ;
 " And signatures, that on the Thoughts they make,
 " By lively sympathy the Senses all partake.

XVII.

" There are, we own, tribes of unmeaning things,
 " Whose pond'rous souls, if souls indeed they have,
 " Lye sunk in sloth, ne ever spread their wings :
 " To eat and drink, and dream, is all they crave.
 " As quick sensation none they do receive,
 " So, ^ccertes, none they can display ;
 " But merely seem like drones ^dwithouten stings,
 " Dull, drowsy, idle ; or, the truth to say,
 " We may pronounce them Lumps of coarse un-
 " kneaded clay.

" And

^c certainly.

^d without.

XVIII.

- " And now, though doubtless cast in fairer mould
 " Though 'dight so fine in Beauty's gay attire,
 " How many silly figures I behold,
 " That true affection never could inspire!
 " Their bosoms never glow'd with friendly fire.
 " You see them flounce and flutter as they go.
 " None but their foolish selves they do admire.
 " Mark how they toss their heads still to and fro!
 " Insipid, vain, they only seek to make a show.

XIX.

- " But ah! what blessed Angel from above!
 " Grace is in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
 " In ev'ry Gesture dignity and love.*
 " Most sure she is descended from the Sky.
 " Attentive note her as she passeth by.
 " Her Look exalted, and her Air serene,
 " Speak conscious peace, and thoughts divinely
 " high:
 " They tell that all is calm and right within,
 " As she of sacred Virtue were the very Queen.

" Far

* dressed, adorned.

* This and the preceding line from MILTON.

XX.

" Far other Form draws nigh with haughty Gait.
 " She darts around her many a Leer malign,
 " And swells her Crest with all the pride of state.
 " Her soul ne'er breath'd one sentiment benign.
 " Those serpent Eyes with crafty rancour pine.
 " Her selfish heart fair Honour cannot bind.
 " Like slipp'ry snakes still in a crooked line,
 " She wists not how to fix her wav'ring mind,
 " Ne can a thought impart sincerely free or kind.

XXI.

" See next that dove-like Look, and open Face,
 " That mild Demeanour, and that gentle Mien:
 " They shew sweet courtesy to human race:
 " In them a soft and gen'rous heart is seen.
 " This Man ne'er knew in all his life the spleen:
 " But still he went about the pleasing toil,
 " Whiles friendship melted in his hazel Eyne,
 " Men to relieve; and often he would smile;
 " And his benignity would aye his cares beguile.

" Shield

XXII.

- “ Shield me, ye Powers of Innocence and Truth
 “ Oh ! shield me from that fiery furious Wight
 “ For sure his bosom is devoid of truth.
 “ Black guilt and falsehood are his sole delight,
 “ Infernal rage, foul passions, and despight.
 “ Mark his fierce reeling Eye ! His thund’ring
 “ Voice
 “ Bewrays his breast, the region of affright !
 “ Fain would he hide his terrours in that noise,
 “ By horror still pursued, and startled with surprise.

XXIII.

- “ But yet I do not like a Voice suppress’d,
 “ Guarded, and smooth : it ^hsmacks too strong
 “ of art.
 “ Sweet liquid Tones, yet powerful, please me best
 “ With tender force they vibrate to the heart,
 “ And each idea full and true impart.
 “ Nor do I love a Forehead round and high :
 “ It shows resolves that nought can e’er divert.
 “ Unconquer’d stubbornness I there descry :
 “ There I perceive no yielding meek humility.” The
 ^f pity, tenderness. ^s shew, discover. ^h favours.

XXIV.

The Wizard paus'd, and then proceeded thus :

- “ Saw you yon pompous Fool that forward rush'd
 “ Through op'ning ranks, and made a mighty fufs,
 “ With swagg'ring hafte, as though he would
 “ have crush'd
 “ All in his way : fo strangely is he flush'd
 “ With felf-importance ! Prithee, mark him well ;
 “ He now returns. That Mortal never blush'd.
 “ Oh, how with pride puff'd up his Nostrils swell ;
 “ While redd'ning arrogance upon his front doth
 “ dwell !

XXV.

- “ In him who next moves on with sober pace,
 “ Of fancied greatness you behold no flare.
 “ In his calm afpect fits unftudied grace :
 “ He never aim'd to make the rabble ftare.
 “ O Modesty, how lovely, and how rare !
 “ In thee no look elate of confequence :
 “ 'Tis only little minds that court a glare.
 “ Alas ! what lack they fhew of manly fenfe !
 “ True dignity refts on itfelf without pretence.

O

“ Remark

XXVI.

- " Remark that trowling Tongue, that laughing Eye,
 " Small, dark, dry, twinkling oft ; and that smooth
 " Cheek :
 " Cautious beware of sly hypocrisy,
 " Of glozing passion, and of cunning sleek.
 " A soul from sooth and worth estrang'd they speak.
 " But now survey those sweet, cerulean Eyne,
 " Moist, sparkling, gently moving, open, meek,
 " Pure love and lasting friendship here are seen,
 " With honest frankness, faith, and truth serene !

XXVII.

- " What melancholy, mutt'ring thing stalks there,
 " With little glaring Eyes sunk in his head ?
 " Lo ! how they roll sometimes, and sometimes stare !
 " Ah ! well I weet, the wretched man is mad.
 " 'Tis very long since the poor soul was glad.
 " And yet full oft he dreams he is a Saint.
 " But then anon he wishes he were dead.
 " With holy rage, and dark despair ^kyblent,
 " His intellect is gone, and all his breast is rent.

" Close

ⁱ know. ^k mixed, united.

XXVIII.

" Close to him comes another woeful Wight.
 " See him now run, now stop, now sudden start!
 " He looks as though a ghost did him affright,
 " With guilty conscioufness of some dire art,
 " Or secret crime, that harrows up his heart.
 " Haggard suspicion haunts him all the way,
 " Till balmy sleep quite from his eyes depart.
 " Some dreaded vengeance holds his soul at bay;
 " And his dark thoughts 'mong graves and gibbets
 " fearful stray.

XXIX.

" But see that titt'ring Ideot brisk advance;
 " How loud she laughs and talks! Now louder still!
 " With round unthinking Face she throws a glance,
 " That ev'ry passing beau must surely kill,
 " Or make him all obedience to her will.
 " A gorgeous suit appears! O la', she cries,
 " How fine! Such splendour doth her bosom thrill.
 " Alas! how wrinkled age will her surprise!
 " Nonsense and dress her All, whilst youth with
 " beauty flies!

XXX.

- " And now an airy Coxcomb trips along.
 " With gogle-Eyne he gazeth all about,
 " Gaping and wond'ring at the female throng.
 " If he meet harlot gay, O such a rout !
 " If modest ladies frown, he perks his snout ;
 " Now turns, his own dear person to admire ;
 " Now stands on tip-toe, all those prudes to flout ;
 " Assur'd each finer wench's heart to fire
 " With love and joy, and fondest passion to inspire.

XXXI.

- " Note next that smiling coaxing Courtier there,
 " See how he smirks, and grins, and shrugs, and
 " bends ;
 " So easy, degagé ! He wears an air,
 " As if he thought that all he met were Friends,
 " Fell jealousy, nathless, his bosom rends.
 " If I could serve you, Sir, he bowing cries,
 " Squeezing the hand that chiefly him offends.
 " For rank, and power, and place he only fights ;
 " And all his life is hidden anguish and disguise.
- " Now

XXXII.

" Now mark his Contrast, open, frank, and kind,
 " With Lion-brow, and aspect somewhat stern.
 " There you may read a brave undaunted mind ;
 " As in those glist'ning Eyes you may discern,
 " That over human woe his heart doth yearn.
 " A gen'rous pride he ever will maintain.
 " But while right hard he toils, his bread to earn,
 " To succour others he doth often strain,
 " Though still his Look is odd, and Manner mighty
 " plain.

XXXIII.

" Yet diff'rent far from yon rude noisy Fool,
 " Who prides himself on being wondrous free !
 " Of proper 'haviour he regards no rule,
 " But winks, and wags, and bawls, and flaps your
 " knee ;
 " Pretending all the time to harmless glee—
 " I hope, Sir, no offence : it is my way—
 " Your way, Sir, I must tell you, suits not me.
 " With grooms and porters you are fit to play :
 " In civil company, I vow, you shall not stay.

XXXIV.

- “ Here follows next, with silent step, and slow,
 “ A Vet’ran, arm’d all o’er with utmost art.
 “ His constant care to parry ev’ry blow;
 “ Aye cool and cautious he doth hide his heart,
 “ In closest guile : no warmth it can impart.
 “ Beneath those pendant Brows, observe his Eye
 “ Taking of you a stolen peep athwart,
 “ To see if your intents he may espy,
 “ While thus he wears the guise of bashful modesty.

XXXV.

- “ Lo ! yonder one of Mammon’s fav’rite Sons.
 “ He sneaks with eager Face, and blouting Head;
 “ The fear of falling stocks, him sorely stuns.
 “ What if he yet should starve for want of bread?
 “ The stocks mount up : his terrours now are fled.
 “ He snaps his thumbs, and plays his harpy hands,
 “ To think how well his anxious cares have sped;
 “ Now counts his gold ; then wanders o’er his
 “ lands;
 “ And strictest watch to keep he ev’ry night com-
 “ mands.
 “ stooping.

XXXVI.

- “ But see that rosey Squire, with swollen Paunch !
 “ His oily Looks proclaim, he lives to eat.
 “ To nice roast beef and pudding ever staunch,
 “ His God his belly, and his Soul his meat !
 “ He licks his lubber Lips, and in the plate
 “ He pokes his broad flat Nose, to snuff the steam :
 “ Then puffs and gorges.—Ah ! it is so sweet !
 “ With rapture he pursues the glorious theme,
 “ And swears that all beside is but an empty dream.

XXXVII.

- “ How much superior that sickly Wight,
 “ His high-illumined Features clearly tell.
 “ To think, to feel, to fly, is his delight ;
 “ That in the air his soul doth seem to dwell,
 “ And Nature’s sacred myst’ries there can spell,
 “ From lower pleasures he was early driv’n.
 “ O, how his breast with thoughts sublime doth
 “ swell !
 “ And as he darts his Eagle-Eye to Heav’n,
 “ Its brightest, warmest, purest flame to him is giv’n.

XXXVIII.

“ Thrice blest the Soul refin’d, that doth not ^mmoil;
 “ But lives abstract from care ; no wretched ⁿthrall
 “ To sensual appetite, sprung from the coil
 “ Of gross mortality ! From this low ball,
 “ Of Truth celestial she hears the call,
 “ And to her native seat she pants to rise,
 “ And heights attain from whence she shall not fall,
 “ To breathe seraphic love in yonder skies,
 “ Where Sicknefs is not known, and Wisdom never
 “ dies !

XXXIX.

“ Alas ! what pity, when th’immortal Mind,
 “ Where God’s own Superscription should be read,
 “ Printed in fairest characters, you find
 “ With filth and thick pollution all o’erspread,
 “ Each lovely lineament for ever fled ;
 “ The hapless Man into a Brute ^otransmew’d,
 “ His Maker’s beauteous Image now quite dead,
 “ His noblest faculties to earth fast glued,
 “ That he can never more approach the Sov’reign
 “ Good !”

^m toil, drudge. ⁿ slave. ^o transformed.

XL.

But here we cease. The Hist'ry were too long,
 Did I minutely ev'ry Line explain,
 The Wizard-Wight mark'd out in that mix'd
 Throng.

With me the recollection will remain :
 What strikes us deep we readily retain.
 But this soft Age soon tires of Doctrines grave :
 Its jovial spirit flies the touch of pain ;
 Though conscious guilt to own, 'tis much too brave.
 Ah me ! how few from Vice or Folly we can save !

ON

INDECENT DISCOURSE:

A SATIRE.

OH, shameful degradation of the Mind,
 For intellectual joys at first design'd !
 And wilt thou sink to lowest dregs impure ?
 To feel thyself a beast canst thou endure,
 Each native spark of noble pride resign,
 And mix at once with grov'ling herds of swine ?

Were vulgar spirits only thus disgrac'd
 By want of dignity, or want of taste,
 Contempt and detestation might suffice.
 Enough the base to hate, the mean despise !
 But grief and shame o'erwhelm me, when the grave,
 The learn'd, the elegant, begin to brave

Each

Each rule of Decency, each sense of worth,
 Of virtuous breeding, and of honest birth.
 It strikes my soul with horror, when I see
 Man's reason lost in mere sensuality;
 While knowledge, wit, and eloquence sit by,
 And smile at ease, or plunge into the sty!

By social converse to improve the mind,
 The art of Speech was chiefly lent mankind.
 Instead of this, say, shall that wondrous art
 Be prostituted to corrupt the heart?
 Say, cannot you a passing hour amuse,
 Unless the gifts of Nature you abuse?
 Are topics of Discourse so scant and few,
 That ev'n the meanest you must still renew?
 Gay harmless nonsense we could patient hear:
 'Tis shocking to affront the modest ear!
 In vain you hope such grossness to disguise:
 No wit, no brilliancy, can varnish vice,
 In sober Reason's pure, illumin'd eyes.

To

To ancient rites obscene these added force,
 Religion, long polluted in her source,
 Had altars rear'd to ev'ry filthy God :
 Celestial Powers with brutal passions glow'd.
 Then Priests and Temples join'd to tear away
 The veil from all that shuns the blaze of day.
 The tender Sex, by Virtue meant to charm,
 Then learnt their rising blushes to disarm.
 By naked shows, and secret myst'ries taught,
 They seem'd devout, when foulest deeds they wrought,
 Nor was it strange, if finest Writers then
 With coarse alloy too oft debas'd their pen.

Has Heav'n to us vouchsaf'd superior light,
 Patterns unsullied, truths divinely bright ?
 And shall they only serve to prove us worse,
 Than those that in the dark mistook their course ?
 Where Piety and Morals should be found,
 Shall thoughts and words licentious yet abound ?
 Shall men call'd Christians yet the air defile
 With jests indecent, and ideas vile ?

Shall

Shall plenteous meals, and wine, that should inspire
 A grateful heart, but feed the low-born fire?
 Shall Wits baptis'd,—ev'n rev'rend Doctors too,
 Descend to rival Comus with his Crew?
 Oh! "tell it not in Gath," lest Heathens scoff,
 And Unbelievers raise a louder laugh.

"It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause;
 "Let me not name it to You, ye chaste stars!
 "It is the cause,"* that darkens human life
 With foul dishonour, and with hourly strife.
 When madd'ning Fancy stimulates the chace,
 The Passions are inflam'd to wild excess:
 And when forc'd Pleasures can no farther go,
 Discourse pursues the theme however low,
 Till rankest ribaldry all bounds o'erflow!

* From Shakespeare.

ANSWER

A N S W E R

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO APOLOGIZED TO
THE AUTHOR FOR SWEARING IN HIS COMPANY.

WH Y swear at all, by your Creator's name?

In any company, you were to blame.

You ask my pardon, for offending Me:

Nay, Sir, ask pardon of the DEITY.

You should reflect, and not repeat th' offence,

“That want of decency is want of sense.”

Yet all esteem your understanding good.

The more to blame, for your ingratitude!

To please by worthiest means have you been taught?

And can you be profane, from want of thought?

Fools often swear, to fill the gaps of sense:

For such expedients you have no pretence.

Fools swear to prove, that what they say is true:

We look for better arguments from You.

For

For me, I never yet believ'd the more
Of aught I heard from any, that they swore:

If rev'rence for an Oath, through use, is gone;
By what new test shall question'd facts be known?
If doubtful once that band of social life,
How try an evidence, to end the strife?
If veneration for the greatest Name
Is lost, O Virtue! what shall feed thy flame?
What then shall reach the centre of the heart?
Shall modern honour, or shall worldly art?

It chills my blood, to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme;
The Power that sways creation, call'd by Man
To warrant folly, and to cross his plan!
The veriest sot alive could you outswear:
The lowest wretch the wrath of Heav'n can dare.
Maintain your rank: vulgarity despise:
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.

Men

Men weigh their words, in presence of the Throne:
 Tempt not, dear Sir, a higher Sov'reign's frown.
 You would not swear upon the bed of Death.
 Why so? Your Maker now could stop your breath.
 Behold this globe, those skies, the wondrous whole;
 And to th'Almighty Former bow your Soul,
 Henceforth the Majesty of God revere:
 Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear!

ON

THE LATE WILLIAM RAE, ESQ.
 WHO LOST HIS LIFE BY A FALL FROM HIS
 FAVOURITE HORSE.

AN ELEGY.

WHERE were ye, Guardian Spirits of the Just,
 When that dear Youth was sudden from us torn?
 Could ye, alas! be careless of your trust,
 And leave us his untimely fate to mourn?

What? not a single Angel watch his fall!
 No Minister of grace to ward the blow,
 That each reflecting stranger did appall,
 And pierce each feeling friend with tender woe!

Thou furious Steed! what Demon thee possess'd,
 To dash thy gentle Master to the ground?
 Was it for this he fondly thee caress'd?—
 A gentler heart than his was never found.

P

His

His Wit was spritely, but did ne'er offend ;
 By Judgement temper'd, as by Nature taught.
 With all he said, Good-humour still would blend :
 To please and to be pleas'd was all he sought.

No slight misfortune could disturb his peace :
 His soul to Virtue's precepts firm remain'd.
 By acting right with unaffected ease,
 Habitual cheerfulness he still maintain'd.

Health ever flowing fed that living spring
 Of true delight ; while Music sweet combin'd
 Her sweetest airs, with each harmonious string,
 To sooth and melt by turns his tuneful mind.

With rising fame, and royal favour blest,
 He saw the op'ning prospect smile around :
 And nuptial joys, late added to the rest,
 He hop'd his lot with happiness had crown'd.

Ah !

Ah ! treach'rous Hopes indulg'd by mortal men !
 How oft our flatter'd fancy ye deceive !
 To thee, dear Youth ! how empty, false, and vain !
 To us how cruel, doom'd for thee to grieve !

Ah ! what avail'd, in that disastrous hour,
 The Talents which adorn'd thy early days ?
 Ah ! what avail'd or Love's or Music's power,
 Or health, or pleasure, or consenting praise ?

The charm in one dire moment disappear'd :
 In one dire moment vanish'd ev'ry trace
 Of all thy wit, thy skill, thy virtue rear'd ;
 The work of ev'ry faculty and grace !

Then did we feel how mutable this sphere,
 How fast its fairest structures may be marr'd.
 Yet then thy Guardian Angel hover'd near,
 From earth to bear thee to thy high reward.

Ah !

The Danger once I ran when I review,
 Like thee impell'd on the dread verge of Death,^a
 My soul is rapt with wonder ever new,
 And ardent gratitude that still I breathe.

What

^a Alluding to the Author's having a good many years ago been dragged a great way after his Horse on the gallop, in consequence of his foot's being entangled in one of the stirrups, when he was flung from his seat by the sudden breaking of the other, with a noise that alarmed the poor animal, who was naturally timid. From this dreadful situation he was providentially rescued by the slipping of his Boot, which he had always till then found inconveniently wide. It seemed extraordinary, that he felt himself no way hurt till he got loose. He then received a severe blow directly against his heart. Its painful effects were greatly increased by the extreme fatigue and anguish of hurrying home in that condition, at the distance of no less than two miles, without the smallest help, even of a staff to support him. He was induced to make so much haste, from an apprehension of the shock his Family must receive, by seeing his Horse return without him. Instead of this, however, the creature

What words can paint their folly who forget

The narrow line that Life from Death divides ?

He's only wise that keeps in mind his state,

And timely for immortal joy provides.

creature ran to Sir WILLIAM FORDYCE's in the neighbourhood, where he happened to arrive from town soon after; when, on learning that circumstance, he came immediately to give every proper advice and assistance.

T O

THE LATE JONAS HANWAY, ESQ.

AN ELEGY.

I ENVY not the young, the rich, the great :
 Their splendor, wealth, and pleasures pass away.

Thrice blest, immortal HANWAY, is thy state :

Thy well-earn'd happiness shall ne'er decay.

Wit, learning, fancy, charm the dazzled eye :

But goodness only forms th'unshaken base,

On which a soul, aspiring to the sky,

Secures from Earth and Heav'n eternal praise.

Let others seek to gain an empty name,

By selfish arts to social int'rest blind :

'Twas thy exalted, wide, unwearied aim,

To succour, civilise, and bless mankind.

'Twere

'Twere hard to count the honourable toils,
 That mark'd the long succession of thy days.
 To lighten human mis'ry into smiles,
 The poor to patronize, the fall'n to raise,

From infamy and woe the wand'ring Fair,
 To save and shelter, and in time restore
 To innocence and peace, engag'd thy care.
 Oh God-like care, too seldom seen before!

'Twas thine the outcast Foundling to embrace,
 To snatch from want the vagrant thriftless Boy,
 In warm abodes of Charity to place,
 And train their youth to virtuous employ.

'Twas thine to rear them Children of the State,
 Who might have prov'd its most pernicious foes:
 Nor did thy meek Philanthropy forget
 A little helpless Tribe, consign'd to blows;

Besmeared, black, squalid, crippled, and oppress'd ;
 A pining, starving, bare, neglected race !
 Their cause, kind HANWAY, touch'd thy gen'rous
 breast ;

Nor didst thou ever plead with sweeter grace.

Whate'er the heart could prompt, or head could plan,
 To lessen wretchedness, or vice abate,
 And mend the times, thy soul, thou glorious man,
 Was all awake to act, or regulate.

Nor was thy Pen less zealous to inflame
 The rising age with Virtue's hallow'd fire,
 To teach the ignorant, the bad reclaim,
 And with Devotion pure our thoughts inspire.

The Holy Book, which witlings vile profane,
 Gave light and vigour to thy pious mind.
 To spread its influence, and its truths maintain,
 Thy practice and thy pen were still combin'd.

That

That Holy Book consoles my sadden'd breast,
 When I recall the loss of Thee, my Friend,
 Whom long I lov'd and honour'd ; now at rest,
 In scenes of joy celestial without end !

There I behold thee shine with brightest rays,
 Fast by the sacred Throne of Love supreme !
 There Saints and Seraphs join thy worth to praise,
 To them my feeble voice resigns the theme.

ON
LADY ELIZA HOPE:
AN ELEGY,

TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HOPTOUN.

THOSE tears become you well, ye Noble Pair !
That Angel merited your tend'rest love.
Each Friend, who knew her worth, with you must
share

The pain Great Nature doom'd your hearts to prove.
Oh, it was sad the dire disease to trace,
Through all its slow, insidious, cruel course.
Nor youth, nor rank, with ev'ry pleasing grace,
Nor skill, nor care, avail'd against its force.

Unfeeling World ! that cries, " Forget to grieve :
" She only paid the debt that all must pay.
" Come, take amusement : 'twill your thoughts relieve.
" Fly solitary scenes, and join the gay.

Unfeeling

• Who died of a lingering Consumption.

Unfeeling World ! I hate thy dull career :

I love Affection's fond pathetic flow.

They, they alone can taste delight sincere,

Whose souls perceive the charm of tender woe.

Mid routs, and cards, and vain intemp'rate mirth,

The warning voice of Wisdom is not heard.

But Grief to higher sentiments gives birth,

And seeks an altar to Religion rear'd.

There adoration, faith, and prayer ascend,

Like wreaths of mingled incense, sweet to Heav'n ;

There meek submission yields a darling Friend ;

And in return the sweetest hopes are giv'n.

Whene'er the lov'd Eliza's early fate

Draws from a Parent's breast the secret sigh,

With rapture still shall Piety relate,

“ The lov'd Eliza lives in yonder sky !”

T O

M. B. Esq.

AN EPISTLE.^a

OF various life, my Friend, you much have seen,
 Among the high, the low, and all between.
 What have you found that longest could delight?
 The gaining knowledge, and the acting right:
 And next to these, what does you now most please?
 Good-humour'd talk, and philosophic ease.

Through ev'ry changing scene the virtuous man
 Will probity include in ev'ry plan:
 And, thank the Former of the human mind,
 The most improv'd may learn, if still inclin'd.

Nature

^a Written from Town to that Gentleman, on his going to direct some new Plantations in the Country. He lived many years in Italy, has studied the Arts with success, and is fond of cheerful conversation, and learned leisure.

Nature keeps ev'ry where an open school :
 There all may profit save the stubborn fool ;
 While Arts in Italy and Britain shine,
 Inspire the genius, and the taste refine.
 Those Arts to you, dear Sir, familiar grown,
 Have long acknowledg'd you a fav'rite Son.

But not to Nature or to Arts confin'd,
 You seek, what Wisdom always has conjoin'd,
 The joy of Friendship, and the joy of Books.
 These to their lovers never change their looks.
 Their undecaying charms the heart engage
 With force increas'd by frailty, and by age.
 Then most their lovers court the peaceful shade,
 Where Solitude, sweet Nymph, imparts her aid.
 Ah! how I sigh for that dear tranquil scene !
 There You and HARRIET converse serene.
 There you with well-prov'd skill a picture form
 Of Trees around, to skreen from future storm.
 There she at home, with magic hand, prepares
 Fresh Flowers, and Birds, to sooth, when wintry airs
 Strip

Strip Verdure's robe, and chill the woodland Choir,
 Then both assemble near the ev'ning fire,
 Where DRYDEN, MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, still
 supply
 An intellectual feast, refin'd and high;
 Whate'er can cheer the Soul, or raise her to the sky!

O N

LIBERALITY OF MIND AND MANNERS:

A N E P I S T L E,

To W. S. Esq.

POLITENESS with simplicity to join;
 The modest and the manly to combine;
 To hear attentive, courteous to reply;
 Bluntness at once to shun, and flattery;
 To shun dry argument, and dull detail,
 The idle cavil, and the jest long stale;
 The force of truth, of sentiment, to see;
 And feel the joy of sweet humanity;
 These lessons, S * * * * *, few aspire to learn!
 More lib'ral minds alone their worth discern;
 More lib'ral minds, that in the World's wide School
 Have fought the wise, and studied e'en the fool;
 More lib'ral minds, that men of ev'ry sect,
 If good, if knowing, cherish and respect;
 With

With ignorance avoid each grave debate ;
 Bear with the weak, the worthless only hate ;
 Of human life survey the various shades ;
 Observe that imperfection all pervades ;
 Deem those the wisest, who correct their thoughts,
 And those the best, who have the fewest faults.

So travellers enlighten'd learn from all,
 Preserve their temper, whatsoe'er befall ;
 With open face, and flowing manners, greet
 In ev'ry nation whomsoe'er they meet.
 Things new or curious, in ev'ry land,
 Men high in fame, works beautiful or grand,
 They view with pleasure, and with warmth applaud.
 They only fly from injury and fraud.
 Rudeness they ne'er provoke ; they practise none.
 Insult and rage pertain to pride alone.
 Of all things most provoking, pride the worst ;
 By him that flatters it, in secret curst !
 They scorn no country, while their own they love :
 At home, abroad, their candour still they prove ;
 Themselves delighted, aim to give delight ;
 And hold, that kindness every where is right.

THE

THE PYRAMIDS:

A SIMILE.

AS sanguine Travellers in Egypt's land,
 Where her fam'd Pyramids high-towering stand,
 Feel disappointment when they first draw near,
 To find those mighty masses not appear
 Proportionate to Fancy's boundless flight,
 Or in their magnitude, or in their height;
 Till coolly measur'd by th'attentive eye,
 They spread, and swell, and mount up to the sky;^a
 So when an ardent Youth, fir'd at the name
 Of Virtue, and her sons, extoll'd by fame,
 Contemplates

^a It has been remarked by Travellers, that the Pyramids of Egypt, built on an immense flat plain, and wholly destitute of ornament, do not at first sight answer the expectations of fancy; but that, being surveyed with attention, and measured with accuracy, they assume by degrees an air of superlative magnificence and elevation. It is said, that the largest stands on eleven acres of ground.

Contemplates these on life's low level plac'd,
 Deck'd with no show, and by no splendor grac'd,
 They seem to shrink before his wond'ring sight;
 And secret pain succeeds to fond delight.

But when compos'd their lofty aim he views,
 Their lib'ral thoughts, and noble acts pursues,
 And marks the firm broad base, on which they rest,
 Of love and truth eternal in the breast;
 O then, he glad perceives to Them is giv'n
 A greatness all their own, aspiring high to Heav'n!

TO CAPTAIN C.

OF THE A****:

AN EPISTLE.

THEY err who think, that rugged Seas impart
 Resembling roughness to the Sailor's heart.
 Thy bosom, C****, placid is, and kind;
 Thy manner polish'd, and compos'd thy mind;
 In boist'rous skies and storms still self-possess'd;
 Active but calm; no storm within thy breast!

Does conscious worth produce a peaceful frame?
 In ev'ry varied scene, 'tis still the same.
 Does manly sense persist life's course to steer?
 What chance should him o'ercome whose soul is clear?
 Converse with men and nations far remote,
 Dilates the mind to more expanded thought:

Q₂

As

As local prejudices wear away,
 It calls each lib'ral feeling into play.
 A practis'd Voyager adopts the plan
 Of universal brotherhood to man.
 The diff'rent blessings spread o'er diff'rent lands,
 He sees were meant to strengthen social bands.
 He sees, that Commerce, with her boldest sails,
 Thrives only where Civility prevails.
 Yet oft through that Civility he spies,
 The vilest passions acting in disguise.
 With Avarice compar'd the waves are mild;
 With curst Ambition, harmless as a child.

Mean while, I wonder not thy gentle breast,
 Dear C*****, longs to lull its cares to rest,
 And, after tossing on the tiresome main,
 For many an anxious year, sweet ease to gain.
 Soon may your wishes with success be crown'd;
 And when to Indian coasts once more you're bound,
 May prosp'ring Heav'n reward your honest toils.
 But haste thee home to meet lov'd MOULA's smiles,
Tranquil

Tranquil with her to pass thy future days,
Midst books and friends, in harmony and praise.^a

^a The Author had just heard Capt. C***** accompany the Lady he lately married, in singing with taste and sensibility a beautiful Anthem, while she played it with expression on the Piano Forte.

ON
A FAVOURITE CANARY,
THAT LATELY BELONGED TO
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH:
AN ELEGY.^a

POOR, pretty Warbler ! mournful was thy end ;
Thus sudden slain amid the sweetest joys ;
Carefs'd so fondly by thy Royal Friend,
Who oft had listen'd to thy pleasing voice !

Who oft had strok'd thee with her gentle hand,
And seem'd delighted at thy harmless play.
Well might'st thou hop and sing at her command !—
But, simple Bird ! why linger in the way ?

Ah !

^a Since the recovery of her Royal Highness, this little Bird, being indulged with his liberty as usual, was unfortunately trod upon, while hopping about on the floor. As he was perfectly tame, he would come at her call, perch on her head, nibble at her hair, and sing the Marlborough.

Ah! luckless Foot, that stopt thy tuneful breath.

Alas! what unsuspected ills are nigh,
To deal around the fatal dart of death?

Nor Men are safe, nor Birds though form'd to fly.

At that unheeding moment, little fool!

Why soughtst thou not, as thou hadst often done,
Those flowing Ringlets; there, without controul,
To sit secure on thy imperial throne?

To sing of Marlborough, great in courts and arms!—

Ah me! that Men so fam'd, like Birds must die!
Nor Chiefs, nor Kings, can hinder Death's alarms:
All, all must yield to sov'reign Destiny.

Yet, happy Bird! who liv'd devoid of care,

And, cherish'd by thy Mistress, carol'd high,
All light and vacant as thy native air,
Nor conscious of the fate that bade thee die.

Couldst

Couldst thou have read the thoughts of mortal men,
 Much blyther still had been thy spritely lay,
 To know thyself more free from fear and pain,
 Than all the rich, the powerful, or the gay.

'Tis yonder blest Eternity alone,
 Expected by the pious and the wise,
 That fully can for present ills atone,
 And sooth the heart, when heavily it sighs.

May You, Fair Princess! bred in Virtue's lore,
 But seldom feel the pangs that flow from grief,
 Of health and hope possess an ample store;
 And when you can,——to Birds extend relief.

EPISTLES,

1,
A
S,
S,
EPISTLES,
ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,
TO
A CIRCLE OF YOUNG FRIENDS.

Dear me, so early in the morning
I would not check you in your duty
of youth and vigor and the power of
I should have ordered a horse and carriage
A CIRCLE OF YOUNG FRIENDS
I wish your measures a blessing and
I wish you to continue and grow
it will follow me wherever I go
I wish you and your family
I wish you and your family

E P I S T L E I.

HEAR me, ye friendly Spirits, frank and gay !
 I would not chill you by unkind dismay.
 I would not check one innocent delight,
 Nor youthful fancy damp with vain affright,
 When I like you was young, and free from cares,
 I should have dreaded spleen and solemn airs.
 Ev'n then I had been taught, that Wisdom's laws
 For sour austerity could ne'er give cause.
 I wish your pleasures to prolong and raise,
 I wish you to ensure unfading praise.
 If ye will follow me, your steps I'll guide,
 Where joy, and fame, and Nature still reside,
 To unaffected Virtue's lovely Bower !
 There too blooms Beauty's freshest, fairest flower.
 Her flower, believe me, never long remains,
 Where Folly rises, or where Scandal stains.

Daughter

Daughter of Heav'n ! I love thy comely face,
 Thy sweet demeanour, and attractive grace.
 I love to see thee shine with genuine charms :
 The want of worth alone my fear alarms.
 To scorn true Beauty, were to blame her Source,
 The great all-forming Power, that gave her force
 To seize the human soul, and men allure
 To calm connubial union, soft and sure !
 Let modish systems hold a diff'rent style :
 On Wedlock's tie alone the heart can smile.
 Who has not often heard, that joy at heart,
 And wanton Pleasure, widely stand apart ?
 By wanton Pleasure, vagrant, unconfin'd,
 Health, fortune, honour, all are undermin'd.
 She breaks alike the laws of Heav'n and Earth ;
 To guilt and fear and jealousy gives birth ;
 Alike a foe to Virtue and to ease,
 To freedom, dignity, and inward peace !
 The Youth that courts her is a very slave ;
 Enchain'd by prostitutes, that whine and rave.
 Unconquer'd spirit he alone displays,
 That yields to temperance his early days.

To

To wed, or not, must rest upon your choice :
To marry is the call of Nature's voice.

But here I grieve to think how few choose well !

With charms just open'd most desire to dwell.

The Age to fix on either side were vain :

A question which unsolv'd must still remain.

Your warmer passions plead against delay :

" What mortal to be blest should idly stay ?"

Yet hold, Young Man ! the point demands some
thought.

Wed when you will, you fix your future lot,

For many a day, perchance for many a year.

Then seek a Friend, Companion, Partner dear,

Partner of all your cares and joys for life :

O, seek a gentle, faithful, prudent Wife !

Let not unmeaning Beauty be your rule.

He'll soon repent who weds a handsome fool.

Find out a speaking and an open face,

Where native truth and honour you may trace ;

With manners chaste, yet courteous and mild,

And soul alive, but harmless as a child.

Soft insipidity to sleep might lull :

To Rest you might have, but still 'twere wond'rous dull.

A mind

A mind well-born, untainted, pious, wise ;
This, this it is, that forms the happiest prize !

If Riches may be gain'd with worth and sense,
'Tis well ! When rightly us'd, they joy dispense.
Sought for themselves, without a head or heart,
They shame alone and bitterness impart.
Ah wretch, that blindly vows at Fortune's shrine !
'Twere better far to dig in dirtiest mine.

Let not gay clothing captivate your sight :
Shun tawdry ornament, as vain and light !
Let Modesty and Taste your dress prepare :
Th'external form demands a decent care.
Consult the Fashion : but the medium know
Between the sloven vile, and flaunting beau,
Short is the triumph of that empty mind,
Whose thoughts to rich attire are chief confin'd.
Study to wear the everlasting charm,
That sickness cannot rob, nor age disarm ;
Th'unchanging grace, that Virtue will bestow :
Decay shall soon invade all else below.

Would

Would ye not mar, meantime, your youth and joy?
 Avoid the practices that health destroy,
 Intemp'rance, dissipation, nightly riot!
 Observe good hours; pursue domestic quiet:
 Let air and exercise their aid unite:
 They tend at once to strengthen and delight.
 Health madly lost, what shall its place supply?
 Forc'd abstinence, just shame, sharp misery!
 For these will pleasures past compensate you,
 When rous'd Reflection takes her sad review?
 How dark and deep the horrors of that breast,
 With conscious vice, and helpless pain, oppress'd!
 How bright the youthful brow, with laurels bound!
 How beautiful is Age, with Wisdom crown'd!

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E II.

OF Modern Honour fly the phantom vain ;
 It leads to Vice, with all her dismal train ;
 To murder leads oft times for very toys,
 And turns e'en bravest men to cowards and boys.
 Oft times of Virtue 'tis the daring ape,
 While Virtue's laws it studies to escape,
 And seeks of sentiment and worth the praise,
 Though lost to feeling, and by system base !

To seeds of Native Honour in the mind,
 None but the bigot, or the fool, are blind.
 To what fair heights those better seeds may rise,
 Will then be known, when you have reach'd the skies,
 Youth is the season for their happiest growth,
 By moral culture, and religious truth.
 Waste not, I you conjure, those favour'd days
 In vicious pleasures, or in vain delays :
 Fools hope, when life in sin has spent its prime,
 By feeble efforts to redeem the time ;

From

From fear of Hell at last to turn to Heav'n,
 And for extorted prayers to be forgiv'n;
 Without their Maker's image to be blest,
 And pass to pleasures which they cannot taste.
 Learn ye, while young, the rudiments of joy,
 The Virtues that Eternity employ:
 Approach betimes the Source of light and love;
 Betimes prepare for happiness above.

If slighter trials, which may ne'er arrive,
 Call forth your prudent caution while alive;
 Can you forget the greatest, sure to come,
 Nor haste to make provision for the tomb?
 Since Life is short, and Judgement must ensue,
 This all-important maxim keep in view;
 Each vice and folly firmly to renounce,
 And well to act the part you act but once.
 The thought of Death, by minds of highest sort,
 Has still been deem'd true Wisdom's strongest fort,
 To guard her sons besieg'd by worldly snares,
 Sustain their virtue, and allay their cares.
 Say not, "Such Meditation is too sad."
 What makes you wise will surely make you glad.

Of mirth or fortitude in vain you boast,
 By guilt if haunted, or by passion tost.
 Is appetite subdued? Is conscience clear?
 Hail, sacred Peace! hail, Happiness sincere!

See you that wretched man, grown old in vice.
 Hark, how he curses his once vaunted joys!
 Sickneſs and pain conſume his wither'd age:
 His fullen boſom ſwells with grief and rage,
 To feel that health and all its hopes are o'er.
 Near and more near he ſees the fatal ſhore;
 With ghafly look obſerves th'abyſs below,
 And, ſhudd'ring, back recoils from inſtant woe.
 Ah! ſay, is this a ſeaſonable hour,
 To make thy peace with that offended Power,
 Too long offended! whoſe paternal grace,
 And nameleſs mercies, left on thee no trace,
 In happier days thy homage to ſecure,
 To wake thy gratitude, thy heart allure?
 'Tis now too late!—The all-commanding voice
 Calls him away: he groans, he gasps, he dies!
 In night eternal, where the hopeleſs moan,
 The Loſs of Time will cauſe the heaviest groan.

. From

From First Declensions to the path of Vice,
 Be warn'd : for there your greatest danger lies.
 That downward path would draw you deeper still,
 To crimes that now your hearts with horror chill,
 The Modesty of Nature once o'erpass,
 Where shall encroaching passions stop at last?
 "Am I a Dog, this" brutish "thing to do?"
 Cried he of old. Full well the Prophet knew,
 The lurking mischief mark'd in Hazael's face,
 And there his future cruelties could trace.
 Where is the bosom tends to nothing wrong?
 Your bias to correct be wise, be strong.

If sinful Pleasure tempt you with her smile,
 Beware! She only tempts you to beguile,
 To pierce your bosom with unceasing pains,
 When nought but stings of conscious guilt remains.

If Pride, or false Ambition, blind your eyes,
 To real greatness you shall never rise:
 The lowest of mankind will you cajole,
 Mislead your judgment, and pervert your soul:

Each needy parasite will close beset ;
 The gay will laugh, the serious will regret :
 Pride in another ev'n the proudest hate.

If sordid Avarice your mind possess,
 You gain the more, but you enjoy the less :
 You sink in value, as you swell in heaps.
 The Gen'rous heart far other harvest reaps.
 The Gen'rous heart, a character how rare !
 A character, that Nature must confer !
 From sense of duty, Charity bestows :
 From instinct warm, the Gen'rous heart still glows.

Ungovern'd Wrath, and fell Resentment fly :
 They rend the soul, as tempests rend the sky.
 Shun Peevish humours : they corrode the breast,
 And cloud the brow ; are childish at the best.
 Learn to controul your Tongue, that restless thing !
 Of mischief oft and shame the fatal spring.

The Wit, that turns on words or thoughts profane,
 The pious reprobate, the wise disdain.

'Tis

'Tis vulgar, vile, beneath a man of sense.
 To harmless mirth in vain it makes pretence.
 It shocks the decent, the well-bred offends,
 Begins in levity, in horror ends.

Nor yet of mere Good-nature court the fame :
 Stark Imbecillity its proper name !

The mere Good-natur'd man is simply he,
 Who dares not act, nor speak, nor seem to be,
 But what he hopes each one around will please :
 To spirit lost, to freedom, and to ease,
 A dupe to all, by all is held in scorn,
 And left, perhaps, at last in want to mourn !

See you that Pesthouse ? Stop not ; fly away :
 Fly Evil Company : O, do not stay !
 How mutable, alas ! is human kind,
 That purest thoughts imprinted on the mind,
 And wisest counsels of parental love,
 With plans sublime, inspir'd as from above,
 And highest hopes built up through anxious years,
 Cemented too with Friendship's fondest tears,

An artful villain may at once destroy,
 A common strumpet, or a worthless boy !
 Boast not that you are firm, that you are brave :
 In Virtue's warfare, flight must often save.

Nor be too intimate with Meaner men :
 Your name, your mind, your manners they would stain ;
 Unless where bounteous Nature has bestow'd
 Peculiar gifts, to raise them from the crowd.
 With men of worth and breeding oft confer :
 Of worth and breeding you will gain a share,
 Improve in wisdom and secure respect,
 While fools and clowns inherit just neglect.

Have no reliance on the hollow heart,
 That stoops to Flattery's degrading art :
 Low Flattery, that fawns for selfish ends ;
 Yet warmest zeal, and purest love, pretends !

Would you delight ? With lies why fill your mouth,
 When you may speak with freedom pleasing truth ?

But

But few there are of ev'ry virtue void,
 Of ev'ry talent, that to fame can guide.
 For me, I fear not frankly to extol,
 Each quality that can attract the soul.
 Of honest praise frail Nature wants the aid :
 She sighs to find it : for the heart was made !

From cruel Slander snatch a good man's name,
 As from the Lion David snatch'd the Lamb.
 If you alone another's failing know,
 Ne'er from your bosom let the secret go :
 If speak you must, without reserve declare :
 What you but feebly hint, the next will swear.

Be not deceiv'd by Friendship's specious guise :
 A real Friend is not a daily prize.
 He, whom his deeds a foe to goodness prove,
 The good may reverence, but he cannot love.
 He who alone can feel for sordid self,
 To all on earth prefers a little self.
 Unless you bow to that vain idol, Pride,
 Your strongest claims to kindness are denied.

Nor yet will merit or attachment bind
 The false, the shallow, or the thoughtless mind.
 'Tis Virtue only can the heart engage,
 And hold it fast through each progressive stage:
 To Virtue only the high power is giv'n
 To charm on earth, and reunite in Heav'n!

EPISTLE

EPISTLE III.

IF in your bosom lives a spark of worth,
 You'll rev'rence pay to them that gave you birth.
 Should Nature's first of duties fail to bind,
 What second Virtue can we hope to find?
 I would not for ten thousand worlds reflect,
 I had my Parents griev'd by disrespect.
 Those Parents gone, guilt would embitter life
 With secret horror, and with ceaseless strife.
 For other Kindred, let your hearts decide:
 I know not any constant rule to guide.
 Humour, affection, taste, will take their way:
 Sometimes blind confidence will lead astray.
 But highest Virtue highest love should gain,
 While partial fondness Reason would restrain.
 'Gainst open crimes with open face declare,
 Lest in their infamy yourselves should share.

How

How blest are those in unity that dwell !
 Their only strife, who shall in worth excell !

For Men at large, the law is short and clear :
 Conduct upright, and Courtesy sincere !
 True Courtesy, I never could believe,
 Will seek one human being to deceive :
 Nor do I deem, that little paltry art
 To gen'rous minds delight will e'er impart.
 Heart-felt delight and love can only flow
 From sweet humanity's unlabour'd glow.
 Would you be easy, happy, nobly free ?
 Poor Cunning's crooked path for ever flee.
 What can she bring of good, that's worth a thought
 In Virtue's estimate, if meanly got ?
 What can she bring, that Wisdom may not gain,
 In ways direct and pleasant, firm and plain ?

To you, who have not known the maze of
 Guile,

'Twere vain perhaps to show it : you would smile,

Did

Did I this world's dark knaveries disclose.
 Unpractis'd Youth would still conclude, that those
 Who wear a face so civil must be kind.
 Without experience who is not blind?
 Through young Simplicity you sweetly err:
 Ideal worth your honest hearts confer.

Yet do not learn too often to suspect;
 In social dealing, 'tis a worse defect.
 'Twere much too painful still to apprehend
 Assaults from secret foe, or faithless friend.
 Far rather would I quietly incur
 A common loss, than anxiously demur
 What course, in common things, I am to hold.
 If wise, to bear a mind serenely bold
 In greatest dangers, that can life annoy,
 Why should the least our darling peace destroy?
 Trust me, my friends; few evils here below
 Deserve a single tear for them should flow.
 Maintain your Virtue, and your God obey,
 Nor dread what may befall you in the way.

Set

Set out, if you are prudent, on this plan,
 Unmingled pleasures were not made for man,
 The present good taste with a grateful mind :
 'To present ill be piously resign'd.
 Nor let Imagination vainly form
 The shape of future grief, or brooding storm ;
 Thrice blest to know, that Mercy rules the cloud,
 And all is well, when rightly understood !
 Is He whose Power and Grace through all preside
 Your tender Parent, and your faithful Guide ?
 Then say, his Children, what should you o'er-
 whelm,
 While his unerring hand directs the helm ?
 Of this be sure : Omnipotence to please,
 Is duty, wisdom, glory, deep-fix'd ease !
 Let fiercest tempests shake the trembling world :
 Let Nature in confusion quick be hurl'd :
 Let fortune, friends, and parents, all forsake :
 Devotion's self must feel the awful wreck !
 But Faith in Heav'n fair Hope will still inspire,
 And of heroic Virtue feed the fire,

That burns unquench'd amidst a flood of woe,
And gives the soul with rising force to glow.

In just contempt from the cold Sceptic turn,
Who dares to treat your Faith and Hope with
scorn ;

By caviil, facts long prov'd would undermine,
And for a jest can hazard wrath divine.

Though not a new, it is a sound remark :

No man was e'er a sceptic in the dark !

The soul is form'd her Maker to revere,

And to feel happy, while she feels sincere.

But he that plays with truth, and flies from light,

Can never rest assur'd that he is right.

Mid Error's gloomy shade, blest be the ray

Sent from above to bring immortal day,

Th'immortal day of truth, and love, and fame,

Which heroes, saints, philosophers, proclaim

A consummation fondly to be sought,

The highest triumph, and the happiest lot !

Remember

Remember still, Religion is discreet,
 Prepares alike or life or death to meet,
 Teaches to act the reasonable part,
 And rules the head, while she refines the heart.
 Th'Enthusiast mistakes her genuine plan,
 At once to raise, inform, and govern man.
 To lift his hopes above the round of time,
 Her Doctrines point to objects, great, sublime!
 Yet, lest his thoughts with vanity should swell,
 Her Laws are form'd presuming pride to quell.
 She shows him Kingdoms glorious in the sky,
 But strict inculcates deep Humility.

Nor dread, by following her, to miss the aim,
 So dear to virtuous minds, an honour'd name!
 Spite of all obstacles the bad can raise,
 An honourable life shall still have praise.
 An honourable life, with secret charm,
 Shall piercest calumny at length disarm.
 Meantime the good approve, and their acclaim
 Alone can constitute authentic fame.

Their friendly voice will sooth you 'midst the din
Of clam'rous folly, and of raging sin.

E'en these have oft been struck with silent awe
In Reason's calmer hour, when Youth they saw

Defend Religion's cause with manly sense,
And practise Virtue's rules without pretence.

The Sun himself by clouds may be o'ercast:

But his triumphant beams break forth at last,

Dispel the shadows that obscur'd the plain;

And light resumes its all-reviving reign.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE IV.

TAKE care, that ev'ry day you well employ.

Sloth sinks to pain : activity is joy.

The vig'rous soul, inspir'd by conscious worth,
Exults to fill her proper sphere on earth.

Of public zeal she breathes the gen'rous flame,
And ardently aspires to honest fame.

Unnerv'd by Indolence, the listless mind
Falls on itself a load, and on mankind.

While Diligence enjoys his well-earn'd store,
To squalid poverty Sloth lives next door.

The Sluggard is at best by scorn pursued :

His faculties are vain : his thoughts are crude :

His fancy swarms with low conceits and vile ;

A putrid mass, fit only to defile !

So have you frequent seen the standing pool,

Engender things deform'd, and rank, and foul.

Your eye disgusted from the nuisance fled,

And eager sought the cultivated glade,

Fast by a lively current, pure and bright,
 Whose banks presented many a pleasing sight :
 Fair flocks, and herds, and vivid pastures green,
 With gardens, groves, and orchards, all between !

Think not that harmless sport I wish to blame,
 Of vital spirits it restores the flame,
 By thought exhausted, or reduc'd by toil :
 To feed the lamp of joy it serves as oil.
 To keep it harmless be your constant care :
 One half the art of happiness lies there.
 Life is a Child that play will oft require,
 But must be watch'd, to save it from the fire.
 If with Amusement Usefulness be join'd,
 'Tis Pleasure, Virtue, Praise, in one combin'd.

Let no solicitation you persuade,
 To give or lend a Prodigal your aid.
 'Twill only plunge him deeper in distress,
 Some men seem born to ruin and disgrace.
 If in their lap your whole estate ye throw,
 Ye cannot rescue them from shame or woe :

S

Yourselfes

Yourselfes you sacrifice without reward :
Nor Heav'n nor Earth such bounty will regard.

Boast not, my Friends, of spirit, or of sense,
If e'er, on any possible pretence,
Ye step a single inch beyond your line.
Still let your Income your Expence confine.
The frugal seldom will proceed so far :
To save for future calls, their prudent care !

Would ye in ease and honour long rejoice,
Fly Gaming, fly Extravagance, and Vice.
Among the countless ills that men beset,
One of the very worst is horrid Debt !
If ye are lov'd of Heav'n, you will not long
Into that dismal dungeon deep be flung.
In humblest place 'twere happier far to dwell.
The miseries of Debt, ah ! who can tell ?

Nor barely these to shun will you content,
If or on Charity, or Wisdom bent.
Remote from hard Dependence you will flee,
Should God indulge the blessing to be free.

O, lovely

O, lovely Independance ! Loveliest state
 Of mortal man ! 'Tis to be firm and great :
 'Tis to escape the painful throes that tear
 A gen'rous bosom, wrung with anxious care :
 'Tis to possess the power of doing good :
 That noblest privilege least understood !
 And yet this path to joy still open lies,
 Though wealth be absent : sympathetic sighs,
 And tender tears, and pray'rs, and looks of love,
 And friendly smiles, the feeling heart that prove,
 With nameless gentle offices beside,
 Above the richest boons bestow'd by Pride,
 Impart a sov'reign balm to the breast,
 That may be felt, but cannot be express'd.

What treatment ye from others think your due,
 That very treatment let them meet from you ;
 The golden rule, enjoin'd in Holy Writ !
 Show me a better taught by Heathen Wit.

Has Nature you endow'd with Judgement sound ?
 Of Reputation 'tis the surest ground.

More glitt'ring parts a transient name may raise :
 Good Sense, with Virtue join'd, brings lasting praise.
 A moment we admire the meteor's play ;
 But never cease to love the solar ray.
 Would you aspire our reason to delight,
 Improve by Books your intellectual fight.
 The unenlighten'd mind how dull, how poor,
 That lives upon the tidings of the hour ;
 Or hangs on fashion, scandal, common place,
 Of tedious time to fill the empty space !
 Thoughts more extended, and more varied views,
 Through broader channels pleasure will diffuse.
 From scanty rills the eye soon turns away :
 The ample river charms the live-long day.

Ere you proceed to action or design,
 Weigh well your talents, if you wish to shine.
 Be equal to yourselves, nor rise and fall ;
 To-day admir'd, to-morrow scorn'd by all !
 The task, I own, is hard for human strength :
 With aid divine you may succeed at length.

Knave have their hours of acting as they should;
The good alone are uniformly good.

If Genius prompt a passion for some Art,
To please the fancy, or to touch the heart;
Withhold no study, and no aid refuse;
But still let Nature be th' inspiring Muse.
I hold him blest, whom learned cares absorb;
The ills of life but slightly him disturb;
His days in silent rapture glide away;
While Fortune's gifts sometimes his labours pay.

But over-fond ambition wants a rein;
And hopes too sanguine prudence should restrain.
Of excellence the judges are but few;
Therefore, whate'er you write, or speak, or do,
Build not your happiness on Gen'ral Fame,
Nor be alarm'd if Ignorance condemn;
Since to be prais'd by those that merit praise,
May well suffice a solid name to raise.
I envy not gay castles in the air:
Give me substantial honour, though more rare.

Grant

Grant above all thy plaudit, gracious Power !
 Whose hand can bless, or crush me in an hour,
 With misery ineffable destroy,
 Or fill my soul with everlasting joy.

Would you preserve through life a steady guard ?
 Make it your serious care to read his Word,
 That points unerring to eternal rest,
 Nor leaves unsearch'd a passion in the breast.
 I never yet have seen one Youth withdraw
 From list'ning to the sanctions of the Law
 Ordain'd by Heav'n, that had not first forsook
 The purity enjoin'd in Wisdom's book.
 Be it your constant aim to know His Will
 Who is supreme, and his commands fulfill.
 This yields the proof of piety sincere :
 Persist in this, and you have nought to fear.
 Persist, though Infidels and Bigots rail ;
 Secure, that truth and goodness must prevail.
 Virtue those vainly boast, though lost to grace :
 Faith these cry up, estrang'd from holiness :

The

The parent and the child they both divide ;
While him that joins them falsely they deride :
Yet both each other labour to expose :
Of genuine Faith and Virtue both are foes.

On Words and Forms the Hypocrite relies,
And Heav'n to bribe, and man to blind, he tries.
Avaunt, Impostor ! Go, thou holy Cheat !
Or rather most unholy ! Thy deceit,
Grimace, and show, all impotent and vain,
Heav'n's wrath but stir, and waken man's disdain.
From darkness sprung, thou shalt not here betray
The cause of piety in open day.
Now is the day of intellectual light !
Come on, my children, put the wretch to flight,
Who with his gloomy face, and noisy talk,
Would interrupt mild Wisdom's quiet walk.

Into th' Almighty's bosom pour your prayers :
His Arm will save you from all fatal snares ;
His Spirit through your hearts sweet peace diffuse.
Whatever outward comfort you may lose,
The

The surface of the soul may ruffled be :
 Unhurt within shall live felicity.
 Felicity best known when most 'tis tried !
 But little felt amid th' o'erbearing tide
 Of boundless luxury, and boist'rous mirth !
 To trifling pleasures only these give birth.
 Be yours the deeper stream of inward joy,
 Which time shall ne'er impair, nor chance destroy.
 Full flowing when unseen by mortal eye,
 To silent shades it often loves to fly ;
 Nor fails to cheer the lonely vale of age ;
 Not stops its progress through life's latest stage.

Are you, dear Youth, approv'd by Nature's King ?
 What care, or grief, should hinder you to sing ?
 Each care and grief shall quickly disappear !
 Think only of your part, while you are here.

The scene is short : but know, thou tyrant, Death !
 When thou hast robb'd us of this fleeting breath,
 Thou canst not kill those better powers which rise,
 With ever-growing vigour, to the skies.

Th'appointed

Th'appointed generations roll'd away,
 At last arrives the all-rewarding Day.
 He comes, he comes! the Judge in glory bright!
 Hail him descending from the worlds of light.
 " Well done !" I hear him say with smiling face,
 " 'Twas bravely done, ye born of Adam's race !
 " Attendant Angels, mark this noble Band
 " Plac'd here with honour due on my right hand.
 " Unfading crowns, and palms of victory,
 " Bring forth, and loud proclaim their triumphs high
 " Before the Universe. Then lead them on,
 " With shouts symphonious, to yonder Throne,
 " Where everlasting joys transport the blest."——
 Come, great Eternity ! and tell the rest.

Imprinted deep, retain these Words of Truth,
 And on my Grave inscribe, A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

F I N I S.

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